F O R U M
and Century

MAY, 1936 VOL. XCV, NO. 5

The Citizen and Peace

Editorial Foreword

THE MACHINERY of peace is complicated in a nation where some citizens are internationalists, others isolationists. It is infinitely complicated in a world where some nations are geared for autocracy, others for democracy. A specific act that heals one irritating situation may aggravate a grievance in some remote corner of the planet.

There is in the United States but one person to whom all voices calling for peace or war are reported. He receives the petitions of one hundred thousand citizens passionately urging conciliation on Friday — and on Saturday finds on his desk the signatures of another hundred thousand equally sincere citizens who advocate aggression. There is but one person who is correctly informed of both the schemes of the Shah of Persia and the program of the Japanese commander in Peiping. His responsibility is so terrible that he must have a sense of humor to preserve his equilibrium. That person is, of course, the President of the United States of America.

A President, even though at heart a pacifist, may see in the stress of complicated forces that an act apparently pacific, such as reducing our navy in a given year, will have the opposite effect of leading us into war — or vice versa. The President holds the scales. It was a President who kept us out of the World War and it was the same President who put us into it.

But the citizen in his own way is as responsible as the President or his Secretary of State, not only for domestic peace at home but for world peace in a world in which the United States is a tremendous factor. It is the duty of every citizen to be intelligent and rational in his attitude toward foreign affairs.

Is the Citizen Responsible?

EVEN OUR most pugnacious citizens admit that intelligent competition and athletics are pleasanter than life in the trenches. They will not so easily agree that peace can be made to pay. They cite China and the decay of a beautiful culture under the devitalizing strain of pacifism. They point now to Great Britain and say that nation regrets her loss of influence through a policy in recent years of conciliation and reduction of armaments and is now correcting the situation.

On the other hand our own United States is an example of progress built on peace within our borders. The pacific diplomacy of the New Deal is auspicious. Our renunciation of the old insistence on freedom of the seas has not got us into new trouble. Our new trade treaties promise well. Trade with Sweden in the few months the treaty with that nation has been in operation has increased enormously.

Now how can an individual living in the interior of the United States help any peace movement when the forces drawing America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward war develop in places as remote as Berlin or Tokyo? Of what use is it for him to wave a peace banner in Des Moines, Iowa, or sign a petition to the President to cut down the navy? Who can say? Attitudes of mind in this world are more effective than anything material. The intelligent program of a democracy is but a pooling of the reasonableness of its citizens. Often the acts of individuals are effective in foreign affairs. Henry Ford's Peace Ship was a challenge to the fantastic folly of the World War. His recent refusal to fill an order from Italy for eight hundred trucks may have prevented the butchery of thousands of Ethiopians and have kept Mussolini from reaching Addis Ababa before the great rains.

The solitary citizen can help the cause of peace by attaining his own peace of mind through studying the problems of foreign relations and formulating his own opinion and being true to it. His attitude will be according to his temperament. He may be an extreme pacifist and sign a pledge never to fight in any war, no matter what the provocation. He may be an isolationist and urge America to be self-contained and carry on by trade among the States, behind a tariff wall and a big navy. He may be a League of Nations man.

Take, for example, the attitude of a certain friend of the writer. This man dislikes the Germans — that is, he dislikes them collectively. He has, of course, many warm personal friends who are Germans. As a schoolboy reading Roman history, he was disturbed to read about the end of the Pax Romana, when the German barbarians pitched over the border of the Roman Empire. As a grown man, he was vexed when the serenity of the world and the dawning of an age of science were broken by the irruption of the Germans into Belgium. And just now these same Germans are persecuting the Jews and reoccupying the Rhineland and keeping even the hard-boiled New York stock market in a state of jitters. He can afford to do without the Germans. It is true, they have produced great poets, but he can quote only one line of Goethe from memory. They have given the world great philosophers, but Kant, Nietzsche, even Hegel give him and many other average Americans only a headache. There is music, of course. It is true that Beethoven is indispensable to many cultured Americans, but this man is not very muscial. For his part, he would be willing to let the Germans, if it were possible, occupy another planet, probably Mars.

Calming the Germans

However, the Germans are a vigorous, healthy, efficient people, and the world will not be a safe place in which to meditate until they are satisfied. The Germans see the French occupying the sunny, fertile seaward plains of western Europe. They see other people sitting tight on the raw materials which they need. Like the Italians and the Japanese, they think that they require more room for their virile population. As much as the writer's friend dislikes the Germans as a group, he says he would do anything in his power to give them trade and easy access to raw materials. He says that it is trade and commodities, not territory, that the Germans really need to make them content. The same thought applies to Japan and Italy. He cites the example of Denmark, a crowded country, but calm and content through trade agreements with more expansive nations. The peace problem is an allocation not of colonies but of commodities. He feels that the United States ought to set an example to Europe by opening up cotton, grain, copper, coal, oil to the Germans, in exchange for manufactures, and release such an active trade that it would take their minds off race and war.

In fact the United States is officially beginning to apply the example of large-mindedness. We are preparing to leave the Philippines to their own responsibility. We have removed our marines from Haiti and Nicaragua. Our business with Cuba is multiplying under the relaxation of restrictions. Canada and the United States are clearing the way for tremendous business intercourse. In South America, good will is being converted into good trade.

A reasonable attitude toward curbing the war madness really counts, whether it be the policy of a single nation or the state of mind of a single citizen. Peace cannot be born of recrimination, hatred, and injustice. American public opinion, fully informed and mobilized for common sense and peaceful settlement of world problems, can become a steadying and conciliating force in a jittery world.

Henry Goddard Leach

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Rostrum

What Readers Write to the Editor

Madariaga on the Constitution

To the Editor:

Señor Salvador de Madariaga is always interesting. Master of paradox and antithesis, he is bound to be provocative and lively when he sharpens his pencil on the American Constitution ["Our Monarchical Constitution," April Forum] . . . .

On the whole I presume to attach more weight to the judgments of Gladstone and Lord Bryce than to even the scintillating observations of Señor de Madariaga. I adhere to the American concept of the restricted function of the politician to control the changing forms of economic life in accordance with prescribed rules and in the professed interest of all. Undue economic power in Wall Street or Washington can be diminished or broken up as long as public opinion can operate through the free institutions of divided power. Concentrate political and economic power in Washington politicians, and revolt alone can modify it. . . . Perhaps Señor de Madariaga finds it easier to prescribe for America than for Spain. . . . Woodrow Wilson once said that it is easiest to be fluent on a subject concerning which one knows the least.

Henry Breckinridge

New York, N. Y.

Public Health

To the Editor:

Serious attention to modern health measures as manifested in the April issue of The Forum ["Free Health," Editorial Foreword; "Saving the American Child," by Will Irwin] is encouraging and especially so to the nurses who have long been concerned with the social implications of their work. The social implications are important and broad. They are mainly concerned with reaching the people, particularly the heads of families who are responsible for intelligent understanding of their part in preventing disease and developing knowledge that is simple but scientific.

. . . . . .

Lillian D. Wald

Westport, Conn.

Senator Norris

To the Editor:

The story of the career of George W. Norris as told by Oswald Garrison Villard in The Forum ["Pillars of Government," April issue] covers in a brief masterly way the high points in the career of Senator George W. Norris. Not all of them, but enough.

So far as I know, the public career of George W. Norris has no parallel in the history of the American Republic. No other person I now can recall has so completely ignored party discipline in support of great causes of social progress as Senator Norris. It is a great tribute to the intelligent independent voters of the State of Nebraska that they have chosen to keep him at Washington through all these years.

. . . . . .

A. E. Sheldon
Superintendent
Nebraska State Historical Society
Lincoln, Neb.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

The Gentleman from Nebraska has been sketched with the swift and sure strokes characteristic of the artist. The sketch is in brief outline, but it exposes the man himself.

It has not been my judgment always to agree with the remedies proposed by the Senator for the ills of the day, but it has been my ethics to agree with the premises prompting the suggestions: "Equal opportunity is the right of all citizens." "Public office is a public trust."

The place of Senator Norris in his State and nation is secure not only for today but for the ages to come. Long after the violent critics have gone "knowingly to the grave" and sleep perhaps in neglected tombs, the common people will beat a path to his memorial. . . .

J. Francis McDermott
Vice President
First National Bank of Omaha
Omaha, Neb.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Mr. Villard's article is a wonderful word picture of Senator Norris as we know him here in Nebraska, and the only way we can express our love for him is by rolling up large majorities in spite of all the criticism as related by Mr. Villard.

It seems almost brutal on our part to ask a man who has done so much for his State and nation to consent to go back to the Senate at his age, yet that is what we are doing right now here in Nebraska.

ERNEST BOWERMAN
Secretary
Omaha Central Labor Union
Omaha, Neb.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

I wish to call your attention to an inaccuracy on page 251. . . . You say: "Nebraska now has one house or soon will have, with a membership not to exceed thirty-two. . . ." The facts are that the Constitutional amendment provides that the membership shall be fixed by the legislature and shall not be less than thirty nor more than fifty, and the last legislature fixed the membership at forty-three.

. . . . . .

WILLIAM RITCHIE
Ritchie, Swenson & Arey
Attorneys at Law
Omaha, Neb.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

In 1928 some of us organized a Norris-for-President movement in Nebraska. His name was entered for President in the Nebraska Republican primaries, and by an overwhelming vote the Republicans of Nebraska endorsed his candidacy. His name was placed in nomination for President at the Kansas City convention. He received not only most of the votes of Nebraska but some from Wisconsin and a few scattering votes from other States.

One wonders what would have happened if the Republicans had had the good sense at that time to nominate Norris instead of Hoover. Norris of course would have been elected.

C. A. SORENSEN
Sorensen, Kyle & Rein
Lincoln, Neb.

GLAND FAKERS

To the Editor:

I read with interest Dr. [Herman F.] Strongin's article, "Can We Postpone Senility?" [April FORUM]. It seems to me that Dr. Strongin has made a very effective presentation of a matter which is more or less a disgrace to the medical profession. His arguments against the possible value of this hypothetical treatment are well stated. However, a gullible public is always prepared to accept and amply compensate a fake cure no matter how exaggerated its claims may be, rather than the legitimate physician. Our newspapers and magazines have contributed to the gravity of the situation by their readiness not only to accept advertising but to publish laudatory articles on rejuvenation methods, knowing as they should that these claims are false and extravagant.

I hope that Dr. Strongin's article will be widely read.

GEORGE W. KOSMAK
Editor
American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology
New York, N. Y.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

To the Editor:

The article "Billions for 'Defense'" by Senator Nye [April FORUM] helps us see at a glance to what lengths our country has gone under the spell of the world's increased militarism.

Senator Nye's article should help the public toward realizing that we could exercise a tremendous influence toward the curbing of the armament race if we would resist the existing temptations to load our taxpayers with a burden that circumstances do not justify. I am confident that there are millions of people in Japan who are in agreement with millions in the United States that we must avoid irritating one another through armament races, engendered by needless fears of one another's objectives.

ESTELLE M. STERNBERGER
Executive Director
World Peaceways
New York, N. Y.

(*Our Rostrum continued on page X*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Republican Takes a Walk

by **STANLEY HIGH**

My experience in presidential elections goes back only as far as Harding. But as far as it goes the record is straight. I have never voted for a Democrat for president. This year, however, I shall vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt. The campaign has still eight months to go, but my mind is made up. Nothing that the Republicans can say in the platform and no one they can offer as the candidate shall change it. When the next presidential year rolls around I may be back again at the political anchorage of my fathers. But, this year and in terms of our current mess, Franklin D. Roosevelt is headed in the direction that I want to go. Even though I have never traveled with a Democrat — my Midwestern, Methodist upbringing bred a certain distrust of Democrats in me — I am going with him. And I am just evangelical enough about it to believe that it will be a sorry day for the country if he fails to string along, too.

There is nothing very complex about the reasoning which has led to this early conclusion. The Republicans have stated my case for me. They have said that the 1936 election involves more than the immediate fate of a political party. They will not say anything truer than that in their whole campaign. Franklin D. Roosevelt is not the issue. He has come to stand not chiefly for himself but for a certain tendency in American life. If he is defeated he will go back, comfortably enough, to Hyde Park. The question that bothers me is where the tendency will go. That it too would go into retirement I have not the slightest doubt. I, for one, do not want to see that happen.

From the beginning of the depression it has seemed to me that the question whether we will get recovery is less important than the question whether we will get recovery too soon. I assumed that an economic system to which the things could happen that happened to ours was a system that stood in bad need of an overhauling and that we could afford to stay stalled long enough to have it overhauled. Back in the dark days almost all of my capitalist friends assumed that, too. In fact, the depth and the breadth of their economic penitence was good to see. I must say, however, that I never took it too seriously. My father, who is a Methodist minister, used to remark that of all conversions the deathbed kind, if the patient does not die, is the least apt to last. I felt sure that most of these converts would not die and that, once out of danger, their thoughts would turn again to "the old life."

That is just what has happened. Human nature being what it is said to be, I suppose it is inevitable that it should have happened. But I am as sure now as I was when the depression began that, if we can have economic recovery without an economic overhauling, first of all, we will never have the overhauling, and, second, the recovery itself will lead only to a more serious economic collapse. Then the question will be: How many economic collapses does it take to make an economic wreck?

I do not relish the prospect of an economic crack-up. I do not relish it even though it misses me entirely. It will still hit my children. And even in the unlikely event that I can use this breathing spell to pile up a sizeable fortune to pass on to them there is every reason to doubt that, with an unsound economic system, it will ever do them any good.

But I do not relish the prospect of a crack-up for another reason. Sentimentally and in a very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modest way financially, I am a capitalist. Bad as the system is, in spots, it is already here and operating. Its blessings have by no means been equitably distributed. Nonetheless, many have been blessed. In fact, so many have been blessed that I am ready — cautious phrase! — to go slowly abandoning it.

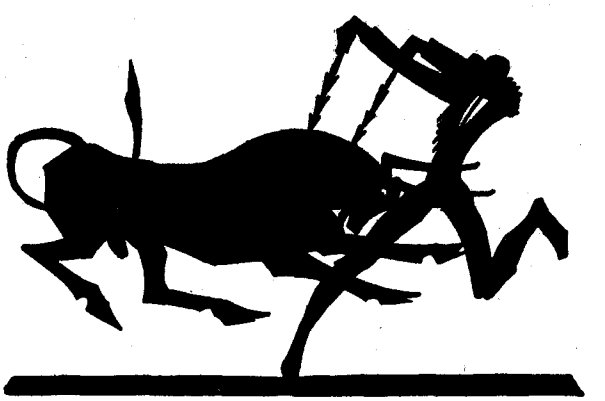
For a long time and particularly since the fall of 1929, my socialist friends have looked on me as a likely recruit, and I have been worked on accordingly. But I have not joined up. My answer to their arguments — and their reproaches — has always been that I preferred to give what was left of my faith in capitalism another chance to find justification. And that answer usually brought up the question of the New Deal: the socialists contending that the New Deal was merely another capitalistic effort to satisfy the masses with half a loaf; and I that, with what the masses already have, perhaps half a loaf more ought to be enough.

When Does Patience Run Out?

But on the matter of the additional half-loaf I do not believe that there can be any compromise. Edwin Markham has a quatrain about "the long, long patience of the plundered poor." The length of that patience has been pretty well proved by the depression. I have observed far more patience among those whom the depression has really hurt than among those whom it has only inconvenienced. Most of the well-to-do people of my acquaintance have continued to feed regularly and healthily, keep their servants, run at least one automobile, and get away for the summer. But they have made the woods ring with their fears, their resentments, and their complaints. If, in proportion to their suffering, the really poor had been half so upset, we should have had a man-sized revolution long before now.

The reactionaries, of course, find great comfort in this patience. They call it the fundamental conservatism of the American people. And, doubtless, the American people are fundamentally conservative. But their conservatism, in times like these, springs from the belief that the country has resources enough and enlightenment enough to set things right in orderly fashion. Popular support for the New Deal arises largely from the conviction that it is just such an effort to set things right. I will leave it to someone else to guess how many disillusionments that conservatism will survive.

Of course, the New Deal's half-loaf is by no means all that it ought to be. The social-security bill provides less security than a good many people hoped for. The legislation to protect the rights of labor is not as much protection as labor desires and has the right to have. The banking reforms have not yet made the country entirely safe for the depositor. Slum clearance; housing; subsistence homesteads; land conservation; projects for the development of low-cost light and power — all these undertakings are still in the experimental stage. What has been produced, up to now, is no more



than a sample. But, in view of the fact that, for most of these measures, there was no American precedent whatsoever, a sample — after only three years — is probably all that we could hope for. Production at least has started. And the sample we have produced — because it does set a precedent — is of considerable importance. For the first time the American government has begun to proceed on the assumption — which the governments of most civilized nations have been acting on for many years — that both the immediate and the long-run economic well-being of the people are matters for executive and legislative action.

This Business of Un-Americanism

Now there is nothing in our current oratory that gives my capitalistic heart more of a chill than the cry that under the American system man in the mass has fared better than under any other system in all history. That is undoubtedly true. It is true partly because of our enterprise and even more because of the smallness of our population in relation to the vastness of our resources. Even with measures

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for social security the nations of Europe have not been able to lift the economic average up to ours. But, though that be true, I do not think that in this argument it is important. The fact that man in the mass has fared better under our system than under those of Europe or of Asia establishes a bottom to his economic status — and establishes it pretty far down. It is good to know that most of us have never fallen below that; to know that, low in the scale as we may be, there are others, across the seas, who are much lower. But I do not believe that higher minimum is as much higher as it can be or that it is enough higher to serve as a permanent apology for things as they are.

If America's poor are less poor and America's rich are richer, that is no more than we have been taught, as Americans, to take for granted and no more — our country being what it is — than we have a right to expect. The thing that bothers me is the apparent desire, in some quarters, to let it go at that. That would be unjust. In the long run, and this is probably more to the point, it would be imprudent. Too many people have too little and know too much to continue to find peace in the thought that they are better off, if they are, than the peasants of Germany or the coal miners of Great Britain or the rice farmers of Japan.

For that reason I fail to see that the New Deal is either a threat to or an indictment of our system. It looks to me like quite the opposite.

Mr. Roosevelt apparently believes that our system has not yet exhausted its possibilities for the improvement of the lot of the average man. There is nothing terrible about that. He does occasionally offer an indictment but not against the system — only against those who seem to think that the old mechanism is already grinding out as much of the good life as it can grind, that to load it with more would destroy it. I must say that indictments of that sort do not offend me.

But Mark Sullivan looks on all this and declares that the New Deal is un-American. Mr. Sullivan's daily pressure on that point has been a great help to me. He has clarified the issue. The issue, after all, is going to be that additional half-loaf. Mr. Sullivan does not state it quite as baldly as that. In fact, no one really states it at all. What is stated is something quite different. And there is a reason for that. Three years of Mr. Roosevelt have made America unsafe for the reactionaries — unsafe, that is, for the open-and-above-board reactionaries. Economic liberalism never had so many lip servants. Ogden Mills has taken *Liberalism Fights On* as the title for his new book. Clearly, the drive on the New Deal is not and never will be an antiliberal drive. The times are not propitious for that. Besides, "we all believe in these things." The drive is, rather, against the New Deal's management of the liberal idea. And that proves that shrewd businessmen can sometimes be shrewd politicians.

"The country is in no mood for reaction. All right, we will offer the kind of a line that the country is in a mood for. The important thing — whatever the line — is to defeat the New Deal."

The Unforgivable Offense

Now this attack, as it rolls in over the radio and unfolds in the headlines, looks plausible. One is left feeling cozy and reassured. However we go, we are going forward and upward! Its when you begin to get this blanket commitment down to cases that the doubts begin.

A short time ago I sat in on a conference of big businessmen — some of the biggest — at which the New Deal was the subject of discussion. No one at that table found any trouble with the New Deal's abstract ideals. They were approved — ever so warmly. The trouble was that the New Deal was not satisfied to let it go at that. It was the effort to put the ideals into practice that hurt. No one there was offended at my economic liberalism. It was my belief that something could be done about it that was offensive. And it is that which is offensive in the New Deal.

Our discussion that day started on the question of unemployment relief. It was agreed that those in need must be cared for — unanimously agreed. But the specific measures for caring for them! — that was something else again. Disregarding the "millions of won't-works who get more on relief than they ever earned," I gathered that their kind of a relief program was one which would enable the government to cut down federal expenditures, decrease taxes, and balance the budget. How this was to be done I did not find out. But I repeat that these men were not against the idea that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the hungry should be fed. They were complaining about only the fact that the New Deal had gone ahead and fed them.

That line of thought covered practically all the rest of the New Deal undertakings. As abstract principles, they were for social-security legislation, for the abolition of child labor, for stricter banking laws, for the regulation of the stock exchanges, for better prices for farm products, for better working conditions. On these things they went right along with Mr. Roosevelt.

But they violently parted company with him at each particular point where he had come down to cases. Their objection was not that he failed to make good his public utterances, but that he made good too many of them! As men with some measure of public responsibility themselves, they knew well enough the necessity and were ready to forgive statements made "for public consumption." What they did not believe was necessary and what they would not forgive was Mr. Roosevelt's attempt to turn these statements into policies.

Incidentally, if there is to be an award for campaign foolishness, I should like to offer, as an early entry, the arguments of those who condemn Mr. Roosevelt because he abandoned his 1932 platform. We can leave aside, as Al Smith did, the important planks in that platform which he did not abandon. The present dispute centers on the items about decreased spending, reduced governmental bureaucracy, a balanced budget. Recalling what happened to the nation's economy between June, 1932, when that platform was written and March, 1933, when Mr. Roosevelt took office, I wonder just what we would have been in for if Mr. Roosevelt had not abandoned that part of his platform. And it is interesting, though not difficult, to guess what these present platform worshipers would have said if, in answer to their pleadings of March, 1933, Mr. Roosevelt had replied: "I'm sorry gentlemen, I'm bound by my platform."

There is something on the side of the presumably ingenious individuals who are now proposing that the Democratic platform of 1932 should be taken over this year by the Republicans. It is still, for normal times, a very good platform. I should like to see Mr. Roosevelt run on it again. But, if he does and if, later, the country gets into another jam, I reserve the right to jump in there with the bankers and the industrialists to encourage him once more to abandon it.

Now some of the New Deal's measures are probably altogether unsound, and some of the rest have doubtless been unwisely administered. It is not enough to say, in reply, that a party which has sponsored a measure — noble in purpose — finds it difficult to surrender that sponsorship even when the undertaking goes sour. Nor is it any conclusive answer — it is only a temptation — to suggest that, in the realm of administration, the party of the Teapot Dome and the Big Bull Market might have done no better.

Moreover, among the New Deal's weaknesses I am told that some attention must be given to Mr. Farley. All right, if the Mr. Farley I read about in Mr. Hearst's *New York American* and Colonel McCormick's *Chicago Tribune* is the real Mr. Farley, then I do not like him. But I do not like Mr. Hearst or Colonel McCormick either. In fact, I cannot think at the moment of any two men in America whose judgment of other men I should less like to accept as my own. But I do not want to be put in a position of defending Mr. Farley. I simply want to insert the question whether, with seventy per cent of the big-city newspapers venomously anti-Roosevelt, the Roosevelt political leg man would have fared any better if his name, instead of Jim Farley, had been Walter Brown or Will Hayes.

Herrings on the Trail

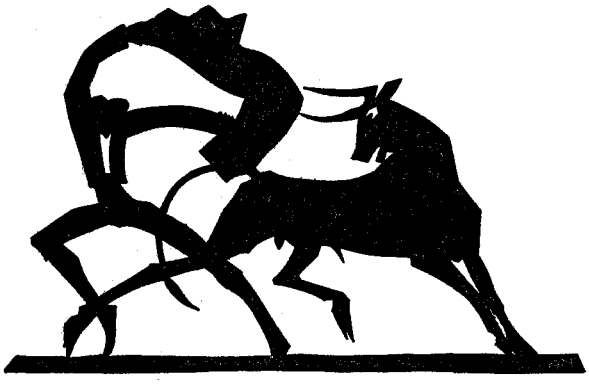
As I have already said, the New Deal is not at every point all that it is cracked up to be. And I do not relish its imperfections. I do manage to put up with them, however, because they are not the issue. The issue, as I have also said, is one of direction. I shall leave it to the Republicans to point out that the New Deal's policies are unsound. For my part I am convinced that the purpose back of the policies is right. That purpose, as I see it, is to make room in the American system for practices and guarantees designed to provide a fuller and more widespread security for the masses of the American people. If the Republicans and the anti-New Deal Democrats agree to that, well and good. But they will have to do more than merely say so to convince me of their honesty.

They will even have to do better than say

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that such provision can be more adequately made if the whole problem is turned over to the individual States or left to the voluntary action of business. Neither alternative looks like an alternative to me; more like an evasion. I suppose that in certain sections of the country there are individuals who are honestly alarmed at what they conceive to be the New Deal's invasion of the principle of States' rights. But I am very sure that in most quarters it is not at all an honest alarm for the rights of the States which accounts for the passionate revival of this issue. That conclusion is supported by the fact that the States' rights cry has been raised whenever — from the freeing of the slaves to Theodore Roosevelt's fight on the railroads — the federal government has undertaken measures of social or economic reform.

From the standpoint of what T. R. called the "predatory interests," I think that it is a very good cry to raise, too. If it diverts attention, even temporarily, from the business in hand, that is all to the good. If it should actually lead to the turning over of the problem to the State governments, that would likewise be all to the good. In general, State legislatures are more easily cajoled by chambers of commerce and manufacturers' associations than the national legislature. And, even though a dozen States went the way of Wisconsin, there would still be thirty-six in which the Happy Hunting Ground was undisturbed and in which a lack of interstate co-operation could be counted on to nullify any very far-reaching results from the liberal twelve.



As for leaving the whole question to the voluntary action of business, that has even plainer earmarks of evasion. I know something about the industrial benevolence of such business organizations as, let us say, the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company or "Golden Rule" Nash. As far as they go, they are doubtless admirable. It may even be that they go quite far enough. Perhaps we could stop right at that point, if it were not for the considerable number of people in American industry who do not work for Endicott-Johnson or Golden Rule Nash or for anybody whose policies even remotely resemble theirs. Assuming that the methods of these two concerns are just what we want, it is worthy of note that with all the current endorsement of economic liberalism there has been no large-scale rush to adopt them. Nor, for that matter, has there been any widespread effort to work out better ones. Here, too, the history of the country indicates that major economic reform can count on the opposition, not the aid, of big business. One of the most dramatic accounts of that opposition and the way it operates is contained in the volume of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times* in which he tells the story of the reform measures of Theodore Roosevelt.

To date, therefore, I am not particularly impressed by the alternatives to the New Deal proposed by the Republicans and the anti-New Deal Democrats. It does not contribute to my belief in their support of the New Deal's objectives to hear them condemn the New Deal's methods. If the New Deal is an unsound and un-American procedure, then by all means let us have something that is sound and American. We are so obviously equipped with the brains and the ingenuity to supply such procedure that, when none is offered that one can take seriously, I am led to believe that it is not the procedure at all but the objective that is opposed. And it is just my guess that a long time before November the American people will be enough in the clear to recognize that the present fight on the method — which they probably do not care very much about — is only a smoke screen for what is really a fight on a purpose about which they care a great deal.

While we are on this point, some mention ought to be made of those liberals, mostly of the *Nation* and the *New Republic* school, who have joined up with the conservatives in this fight. Unlike the conservatives, there is nothing selfish or mean in their opposition to Mr. Roosevelt. They are, as usual, very high

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minded about it. They are not angry. They are grieved. The records show that five short years ago their declarations were burdened with demands for the very things in the realm of labor legislation and social security which Mr. Roosevelt has already begun to achieve. But, now that the achievement is in sight, they have had a glimpse of a lot of new things to declare for. They have lost interest in gains which, five years before, they hardly hoped to live to see. They have quit Mr. Roosevelt, cold, because he wants to go slowly enough to keep what has already been won. For all practical purposes, they are aboard the conservative band wagon, however ostentatiously they may turn their backs on the conservatives.

The Conservatives at Bay

Now if the present leadership of the Republican Party prevails, as in every intra-Party skirmish to date it has, then I think we can expect that the candidate and the platform will go just as far in the direction of the New Deal's objectives as the desire to win seems to make necessary. That, of course, may be quite a distance — a much greater distance than these particular leaders have ever gone before or ever dreamed that they would have to go. But they will make the journey to what they may call the left and do it gladly, if, by making it, they can bring about the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt. For the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt, this year, will be a conservative victory regardless of how liberal the conservatives have to be to accomplish it.

In a tight place the Hilleses, the Rohrbachs, and the Fletchers might turn to, with gusto and nominate Mr. Borah. And Mr. Borah's election might turn out to be a greater victory for the Hilleses, the Rohrbachs, and the Fletchers than the election of an out-and-out conservative like Mr. Hoover. In fact, a Marxian would probably favor the election of Mr. Hoover on the orthodox grounds that the more reactionary the regime the more certain the revolution. Certainly Mr. Hoover's nomination and election would clarify the issues and drive the liberals to unite.

Mr. Borah's nomination, however, would clarify nothing. On the assumption that anything is better than the New Deal, he could count on the votes and backing of the conservatives. By his personal espousal of the liberal cause he would probably lure a good many liberals to his camp. But his election would be anything but a liberal victory. Even though the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt's venture into reform were not enough warning to give pause to Mr. Borah, his victory would demoralize the liberals by dividing them between himself and Mr. Roosevelt and render them as impotent in both parties as for many years Mr. Borah has been in his own.

But this reactionary strategy, based upon the conclusion that any alternative to the New Deal is preferable to the New Deal, is unquestionably sound. The New Deal must be stopped because it is getting somewhere. This year's election is probably the last chance to stop it. Another four years and the New Deal's policies will be too well established to be shaken. I have no doubt, therefore, but that the Republican platform will have quite as much Utopia in it as the Democratic. The only difference will be a different road. But that will be a big difference. If the country votes to go back and start over, there is always the likelihood that, having got back, it can be persuaded, until the next crisis, not to start at all. The anti-New Dealers are counting heavily on that likelihood. And they are right to count on it. A nation like ours is easily wearied of marching and particularly of countermarching.

But more important even than that is the fact that the big news in the event of a Republican victory will not be the Republican victory but the Roosevelt defeat. The interpretations will be made not in terms of the things that won but in terms of the things that lost — simply because the things that lost were so many and so far reaching. And, regardless of the promises that brought it to pass, the interpreters will proclaim from all the housetops that this defeat was a mandate against the whole Roosevelt program — not his methods alone but his objectives. Then, for the next political cycle, the 1936 election will be made to stand as a dramatic object lesson in what happens to liberals who believe that something can be done about their desirable ideals. From any angle, therefore, the conservatives win if Mr. Roosevelt loses.

I do not want to see that happen. I do not want to see it happen even though, as they assure us, the conservatives can reduce expenses, decrease taxes, balance the budget,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and lower the national debt. Taxes are as unpleasant to me as to most people. But neither my taxes nor, for that matter, the ledgers of the Treasury Department give an accurate picture of our situation. There are some things which look worse than even high taxes and an unbalanced budget. And a large national debt is by no means the worst thing that I could pass on to my children.

In fact, as between an America which, by the leveling of heavy taxes and the increase of her debt, was moving toward the solution of her problems of economic maladjustment and an America which, by lowering taxes and decreasing the debt, was evading the problems, I should greatly prefer the former. And I think that in that kind of an America my children would be far more secure than in the America the Old Guard wants to bring back.

I believe that Franklin D. Roosevelt has got the country facing those problems and that he has made a start toward their solution. I know that I will have to help foot the bill. But I am, nonetheless, going with Mr. Roosevelt, because that is the only way, as I see it, that we can justly or safely go.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monogamy Is An Art

Practical Hints on Staying Happily Married

ANONYMOUS

To secure happiness, conduct would have to remain spontaneous while it learned not to be criminal.
— Santayana

MONOGAMY is not natural to man, however satisfactory the wolf, the commuter, and the kangaroo find it. Marriage between one man and one woman is not the result of the discovery and application of a natural law. It is a man-made institution devised for the protection of children and the comfort and convenience of the male. Marriage as most of us in middle-class America know it today is a sin against the individual. It is one of the few sins committed in the name of sex. Perhaps the only sexual sin two persons can commit.

A man and a woman involved in marriage who are not in love with each other, have no longer physical attraction for each other, are not so badly off as a pair who today continue to love with something of their initial passion. As a business enterprise, marriage is not a bad institution. The communists, I hear, are now advocating it for the good of the state. But, to a sensitive individual in this changing world, marriage in which love persists is a long process of pain, relieved at rare intervals by brief flashes of pure happiness and mutual understanding which make the recurring pain harder to bear. Living conditions have changed; women have changed, in that they have learned to know themselves; men have changed in their attitude toward women if not toward their wives; but marriage has remained constant. Because men have not changed as much toward women as women have toward themselves and toward men, marriage has not irritated men of late as it has women. And women are as polygamous as men are. Only the emotionally feeble or those who restrain themselves for righteousness' sake are not at some time or another between adolescence and old age possessed with desire for some man prohibited them by the social code.

Yet, while salt is sprinkled into wounds marriage has made, one shudders at the bleakness of the celibate's life. There must be some compromise that would leave the individual his integrity while it permitted society the safeguard of monogamy. I see it in the title to this piece.

First, let me cite my three indictments against marriage as most of us live it today. Or, perhaps, as only those of us live it who are still in love, who have not been able to make of marriage a mere business, so that our quarrel is undoubtedly with the institution per se and not with the individuals involved in it.

In the case of my husband and myself, each of us knows that had he married anyone else he could not have endured the past sixteen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years. We have three healthy, attractive children and enough to live on comfortably. My husband is an excellent lover, and I, at my worst, an acquiescent mistress. If he believed in a heaven, he would believe our marriage made there. At moments, so have I. Being a man, when the ties have cramped him, he has found it possible to ignore them, make them nonexistent. Being a woman, when they have cramped me, I have found them magnified — and have protested.

Lovers and Strangers

My first count against monogamy for individualistic personalities is that, at its best, it becomes an incestuous relationship from which we try to escape our consorts and be ourselves as once we tried to elude the tepid, confining relationship of brothers and sisters. How soon after the ceremony the adored lover beomes the Bad Little Brother who teases and exposes one's weaknesses in parlor fun; how soon the One Girl the too-exacting elder sister who corrects one's *faux pas* and is persistent about overshoes! Because of the close physical and too-sustained contact that monogamy entails, we find it as difficult to reveal our innermost feelings to the man or woman we love best as, in our youth, we found it impossible to mention anything less real than a headache to the members of our family. After a few years in the same house with the Most Perfect One we speak to each other of only mundane things. Do you remember in *The Bridal Wreath*, when Erlend came home from his journeys and political intrigues in the north, that Kristin

> asked not aught of her husband's doings. She talked only of the four little teeth Gaute had gotten. He had been so sick when he cut them.

That is marriage. It has separated me, though I sleep with him every night, from the man I admire most in the world, the man I should like most to be intimate with spiritually. What woman is there who would not like to pick up an acquaintance with her husband on a boat or be introduced to him at a party? Sixteen years ago I knew the man to whom I am married. He was charming and twenty-one, given to collecting first editions and writing poetry. Today he is thirty-six, an important man of affairs and, I suspect, more charming than ever. On my desk is a photograph of the young poet and the present economist. I can't reconcile those two personalities. I don't know when the eyes lost that dreaming quality and sharpened — without losing their humor. I know where his hair is thinning and his waistline thickening. I know that he needs roughage in his diet and poetry in his soul, that once I supplied the poetry — and now the roughage. If I could be introduced to him in another woman's house, I'd find a strange man and a man more attractive to me than was even the boy.

Enviously I look at the lady he chooses to beau for an evening. She is — well, *almost* always — alluring and intelligent, clever in drawing him out. Before the evening is over, she knows what he thinks about the present administration, Stalin, the next war, progressive schools, and marriage — thoughts I'd like to inquire about but which get lost, in the few minutes we have together between commuting and the children, in the discussion of the coal bill, the car repairs, and the evening's engagement. The early mornings are too hurried, the evenings and the week ends too busy socially, long vacations too expensive for us to find again the companionship we had before we settled in the suburbs with our children. The best of our lives, the hours between nine A.M. and six P.M. go to professional acquaintances and casual friends, to the business of making a living.

Though even if we should ever find a minute to give to a causerie on objective and subjective living, to become acquainted again, I am afraid that I should find my husband noncommittal. For, no matter how he laughs when I toss off — usually in the bathroom, while he shaves — remarks about marriage becoming an incestuous relationship, he is likely to reply (as he once did when I tactlessly mentioned a previous discussion we'd had on fidelity), "Conversation is the only form of intercourse in which married people should not indulge." So I know that he too feels this sister-and-brother complex and probably says to himself: "I can't tell her what I think now. She will continue to live with me. She will remember what I say long after I have forgotten it or have changed my mind about it. One should reveal his soul only to a stranger — never to the family into which he was born nor to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

woman whom he has married. It is unsafe."

Before I married, I knew a man of forty, understood him, found him consistent and delightful. Later I met his wife. She seemed to have no idea of what he was like. I couldn't understand it. As I knew each of them separately, I should have thought them congenial. Until, one day, the wife showed me a photograph, said sadly, "That is what he was like when I married him." There was no similarity between the face I knew and the photograph, and vaguely I realized her tragedy. Could I help her now, I would tell her to place his latest photograph beside the photograph of the boy she had married. At least in that way she could understand that a change had occurred and might be able to attribute all that she didn't understand to the mature man she had never "met" and not to the youth who is dead.

And women change, too. One Worth Tuttle writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* some time ago said that women in the cloisters of home change less than do men in the world outside. I do not agree with that. I am chagrined that my husband seemingly has no curiosity about me, no desire to know me as I am now, assuming that because he knew me at twenty he knows me at thirty-eight. He doesn't. At twenty, I, like the woman of the *Atlantic* autobiography, was an egotist, an individualist. At thirty-eight I am not even I. I am the Wife of a great man, the Mother of three egotistical, demanding children. I live on a suburban street which the individual in me detests but which the Wife and Mother accepts. I want as much as I ever wanted it to live alone in the country with a garden and a study, seeing the man I married only for week ends. But, with the fact of children to be educated, a husband to be fetched and carried to the train, I have accepted community life.

If I could isolate myself now and live the life I as an individual should like to live, my children would grow up with inferiority complexes, and my husband, whether he believes it or not, would find himself another wife. But, when I say, assuming understanding, that I shall join the Mothers' Section of the Woman's Club because it will help me solve the children's adolescent years, he berates me: I have deteriorated from all my twenty-year-old ideals; I am less of a person than the little dogmatic and ignorant prig that he married. And he caps it all by saying that the reason I am angry is because I know that he knows me so well!

Too Much to Expect

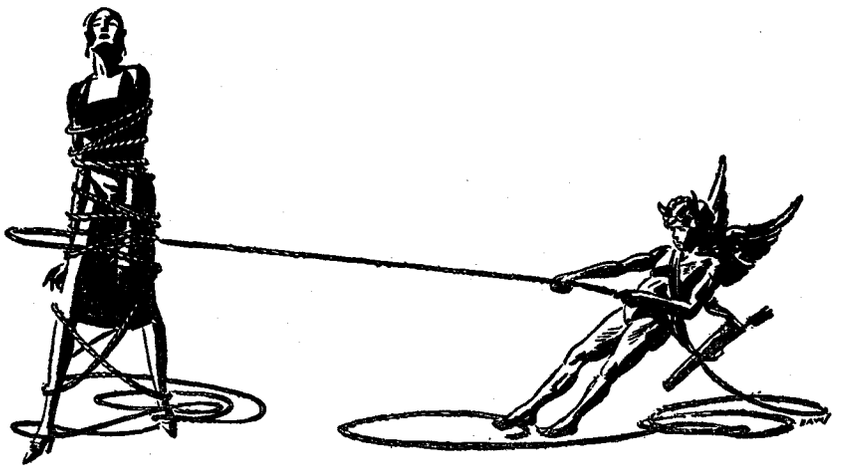
That brings me to my second indictment against marriage. It is lonely. We grow up surrounded by contemporaries, go through school and college with them, work with our compeers. Then we shut out the world and live with one person.

In school, in celibate social life one never expects to find the ideal companion in any one Tom, Dick, or Harriet. You enjoy the theater with Tom, a hike with Dick, a cup of tea and talk with Harriet. But the Beloved, when you meet him, must embody all the comraderie virtues — and, for a span, does. The idea of having as good a time at the theater with anyone else is incomprehensible; a walk through autumn woods with Dick is treason. As for a chat over a cocktail with anyone except your Beloved — well, there's just nothing to it. And then one fine day, though he comes home every evening — perhaps *because* he comes home every evening — you realize that you are lonely. Marriage has built a wall between you and the world. Only very occasionally, very casually, do you taste the sweetness of the varied and colorful companionship you had in youth.

This isolation, of course, is truer of women than of men and of some women more than of others. Men in their work continue to associate with men and women of similar interests. At home, a woman of intelligence who doesn't find all that she craves in bridge and golf and women's organizations is blocked. It does hold true for all women and all men that within marriage one doesn't have access to as many people or as many opportunities for forming congenial friendships as without. And, having dispelled the naïve illusion that any one person can embody all that one needs from another, one needs more casual friends of both sexes than ever before. Yet, by the time we have become aware of our loneliness, we have become too possessive to permit our spouses the freedom we'd like for ourselves.

Only spinsters and bachelors look enviously on marriage as supplying the perfect companionship.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mr. & Mrs., Inc.

My final count against present-day marriage is against that Third Person in every enduring conjugal relationship, who is a composite of both the man and the woman, is neither, and obscures much that is individual in each. He is intangible. No husband, no wife has ever seen him, but what couple married for as long as five years has not at one time or another felt his insidious presence? It is he who makes marriage difficult for two highly individualized persons. If a man and a woman really grew together, became one spirit, monogamy would be natural. In this modern world, their time together is too piecemeal to permit a fusion. They merely meet in this phantom entity who does things for which neither is responsible. He is the *& Co.*, the *Inc.* of every monogamous combine. He can cause more unhappiness than any actual person ever could.

I know a woman who, a few years ago, feeling very secure in her marriage with a man she would not have given up for any other man, was surprised to find herself falling in love with a neighbor during her husband's prolonged absence in the West. Before his return, she discovered that the lover was not the man she had thought him. Had she been an *individual*, she would have gone away, been grateful for what the brief affair had taught her, had no regrets. She discovered too late that she no longer "commanded the uses of her soul." Short of uprooting her family, she could not help seeing the man. The Smiths and the Jones were a part of the small community in which they lived. She became more and more involved in a physical morass from which she could not extricate herself. The fact that her husband in his travels had enjoyed a transitory intrigue with a charming lady did not add to her peace of mind. She is still in a sanitarium under a psychoanalyst's care — a treatment she would never have needed had she been unmarried or if, perhaps, either she or the neighbor had learned to work at marriage as at an art.

The Perfect State Is Elusive

Men, of course, have never presented that monogamy *was* natural to man. Knowing, no matter what Church and state proclaimed, that it was an artificial arrangement, either they conformed because it was good policy to conform or they made what shift they could for the release of their souls, as individuals or in groups. Such religions as Mohammedanism and Mormonism fixed things for men in at least giving them variety in wives. But only one religious leader, so far as I know, had both the understanding of *human* nature and the social temerity to vitalize that understanding by providing freedom in sex (to both men and women) and security for children.

Even in Mr. John Humphrey Noyes's Perfectionist Community at Oneida, New York (1849–79), there was not perfect liberty.* Women were as free as men were, but both were restricted rather pathetically. Young people were not allowed to mate because between the young the desire for "exclusive, idolatrous love" was likely to take precedence

*Author's Note:—*For further interesting reading on complex marriage see* A Yankee Saint, *by Robert Allerton Parker (Putnam, 1935).*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over the desire for the social good — a fact modern communists seem to have overlooked — and, except when eugenic mating was in season, intercourse was a spiritual communion rather than a physical release. Even Mr. Noyes, wise enough to know the importance of the closest bodily syzygy between two mutually attracted persons, could not permit them the climax in intercourse. He realized that it was unnatural for a man and a woman in love to stop at a kiss but he seems to have seen nothing unnatural in a man's withdrawal before the climax when the kiss led to coition. Having found in his own experience that the ultimate sacrifice was more to be desired than a preliminary denial, his plan of male continence became (in theory and in print at least) the practice of his community.

Whatever it forbade men, his plan gave a few women for a brief thirty years a socially accepted sexual freedom no women in the civilized world have experienced before or since. Had Mr. Noyes lived in this day of scientific contraceptives, his community might have come as closely as any group of people could come to the possession of what nature intended men and women should have in their relations with each other.

But what interests me most about Mr. Noyes was his facing the facts of life for both men and women. He didn't hide behind that imaginary barrier of sex and say, "Now this is good for men, but I don't know about women. They're different. They're a mystery to me." Being both wise and sincere, he understood and acknowledged the simple truth that both men and women are human, with the same physical and psychological reactions, that only the mechanism for the expression of the homogeneous response is different. He didn't set a man with a scientific temperament against a woman with a literary flair and say, "Here is a typical man, and here a typical woman. See how unlike they are!" He knew people and, whether he ever said it or not, he knew that there is more difference between men and men and women and women than there is between men and women. Beside differences in temperament and character and mental caliber, sexual differences pale.

In Mr. Noyes's day men and women in middle-class America saw little of each other except in the many phalanxes and "farms" that flourished and died. In general, social intercouse between the sexes was limited to church — with the women on one side, the men on the other — and to gatherings at which they remained as far apart as possible. Mrs. Trollope in *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (1836) draws such a gloomy picture of public and private amusement in the United States of that day that one wonders women didn't burst out finally into something worse than the temperance movement! In some parts of America, in many small towns throughout the interior, men and women after marriage still see little of each other. Even in Westchester, that well-to-do, pseudosophisticated suburban county near New York City, some couples drive out on a Sunday afternoon with the men in the front seat expounding Walter Lippman's ideas to each other and the women in the rear swapping recipes. But that design, I think, is an anachronism. Young and middle-aged modern married America is sex-conscious.

From Victoria to the Single Standard

Mr. Archie Binns in that veracious novel, *Lightship*, explains the intelligent man's attitude toward women when he has Ben soliloquize:

> The tumbling pieces had come to rest, fitting in a perfect pattern, and he saw how it was: women weren't all either cold angels or degraded prostitutes. No woman was either of her own choice. They were warm-hearted human beings, eager for life, and he should have known that before. Everyone would know, only religion and education told men and women lies about each other to keep them apart. Often, the lies worked because people tried to live up to them. When that happened a man and a woman didn't find each other, even though they lived together. . . . The ones who treat women as something more than human beings wrong them as much as those who treat them as something less.

In 1917, when I was in college, a girl who smoked a cigarette was not a nice girl! A girl who touched liquor was not even *known* by "nice" girls. Within the past fifteen years men, for the first time since such liberals as Mr. Noyes and Mr. William Lloyd Garrison saw "marriage doomed not later than the 'seventies," have begun to acknowledge in word and deed that humanity which women themselves have only lately admitted they shared with men. Whether, through the ages, it was woman's ignorance or her fear that caused the misunderstanding and passed it from generation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to generation by indoctrination I do not know. I suspect fear played a major role. Perhaps the efficiency of modern birth-control methods is as responsible for her recent honesty as for her new and candid enjoyment of witty risqué stories.

Once, in genteel America, marriage was as simple for women as it ever has been for men. Up until 1900 a girl looked upon marriage as her career and prepared herself for it. Only when left a spinster or a widow did she think of any other occupation. Being prepared for it practically, she was, to a great extent, prepared for it psychologically. The girl of 1720, of 1820, in that she was trained for the profession of wife and mother in a standardized marriage, had a security the girl of 1920 had lost. Since the War, marriage in America has not been standardized.

A century ago the fiancée of a young man had a pattern cut out for her, and she fashioned her life accordingly. She didn't pretend to understand man's emotional and sexual life, to say nothing of trying to change it or compete with it. Toward all of his erotic manifestations she acted as though he were a visitor from Mars and even while on this planet was an alien she couldn't hope to understand. Her consistent attitude toward what she had been taught were the vagaries of the masculine creature was one of shut eyes, of *laissez faire*, of "men will be men." It was a wife's duty to do her job and respect her husband or pretend to, if she couldn't love him. If he behaved disgracefully, she became a forgiving wife or a grass widow.

Her mother and her aunts had told her that that should be her behavior; books and her husband and the fashion magazines — which, alas, began to publish fiction — reiterated it. The authorities were in accord. She had no conflict. No husband in those halcyon days admitted a revealed love affair without following it with a promise of future fidelity. He did not say that his behavior was natural —and human. He did not confuse her by a casual, "Of course I did. What of it? It had nothing to do with what I feel for you."

What action a "nice" woman of the 1880's (I remember *A Lost Lady*) or the 1740's in America did when, while still loving her husband, she felt an amorous urge toward another man I should like to know. Even the boldest of contemporary fictionists, when dealing with marriage, stepped back timidly before the possibility Mr. Noel Coward accepted so cavalierly in *Design for Living*, though he too lacked the courage to make one lover the husband. I suspect that a pre-Volsteadian wife in such an emotional cul-de-sac either took a physic to cool her blood or dropped on her knees in prayer, according to whether she had the scientific or the artistic temperament.

Between 1900 and 1920 a girl was less prepared for marriage than in all the centuries that had passed and in the decade and a half that has followed. Between 1900 and 1920 woman's intellectual self asserted its presence and independence and tried all occupations, but her emotional self remained in the past with her foremothers. With a difference. She no longer simplified her life by being or pretending to be ignorant of men. She complicated it by assuming that she understood him and by making herself responsible for him, by trying to reform him. No longer was it a wife's duty merely to do her domestic job well and respect her husband. It was her duty to have him walk with her the shining path of virtue and fidelity. When a girl and a man fell in love and became engaged to marry, they existed solely and forever for each other. She reveled with Mr. Tennyson:

For woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse,
Could we make her as the man, sweet love were slain,
His greatest bond is this: not like in like
But like in difference.
Yet, in the long years to come, liker must they grow —

And she tried to force that likeness by putting over on man the Single Standard of Virtue. As late as 1918, the single standard was a subject for informal social debate among young women in college, for spirited and very advanced conversation between a high-minded girl and her suitor. She wanted the emotional restraint in her man that would keep him on the level she had been led to believe was normal for her.

She succeeded to a surprising degree. More men walked the chalked line with the young feminist in the days preceding the World War than ever walked it before or since. They are the men who are having as difficult a time readjusting today as is any woman I know. Could those years explain the many divorces of the present? Those years, few but potent,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during which both men and women were badly prepared for the business of living together? Are the couples who are separating today the young people who married then and who have not been able to adjust to the marriage post-War conditions have made?

Constant Factors

For several years I've hesitated putting down on paper all that I am now writing because I've felt too ignorant of the younger generation, of the young men and women who in spite of the depression and the increasing number of divorces have kept right on marrying each other. I had thought that they, meeting on a more liberal basis than did we of pre-War vintage, were perhaps finding marriage simpler and easier. But within the past few months it has happened that I've come to know a representative number of the young wives almost as well as I know many wives between thirty and forty who are finding monogamy an absorbing and a baffling problem. And I've been brought to the astounding conclusion that, whatever a girl was taught to believe in 1725, in 1910, and in 1935, the truth about monogamy as an institution has not changed.

Man is the provider and woman the Spirit in the Home. Whether the man brings home a freshly killed deer or bacon in a carton, it is the same to the woman. To the man it matters not at all whether the woman has been at the spinning wheel or the bridge table all afternoon if she is at home when he arrives to inquire as to his well-being and see that the meat is prepared. It is important that the man be capable in protecting the woman and the children from prowling wolves or a broken water pipe, that the woman be skillful in fashioning his buckskin breeches or in laying out his dress clothes.

In 1775, a marriage in which both participants did a good job was highly satisfactory, though it would have endured if either or both were hopelessly inefficient. In 1935, a marriage in which both are skillful is likely to endure in spite of all counteramatory attractions.

The couple of today, living in a more complex environment, must add to that practical, fundamental conception of marriage a psychological — and, for all but young romanticists, a hackneyed — truth: there is no "happy" marriage, as there is no perfectly happy child, however joyous in retrospect is the period of childhood. In a good marriage, as in childhood, there is a greater possibility of happiness than in any other relationship or time of life. But in the happiness of a marriage there will be times when each constituent will wonder what he ever saw in the other to attract him, as there will be times when he thinks himself the most fortunate of beings to have found the other. Between those rare extremes lies a *good* marriage, one which, for all the world can see, runs smoothly, placidly, from year to year.

Training in Realism

To increase the number of "good" marriages we must have education. We can't begin too early. As thoroughly as a girl in past centuries was indoctrinated for the old marriage, the girl *and the boy* of today should be psychologically prepared for the new, by being taught early to look upon marriage as an art into which they must put the best that they have, not as the natural state of man and woman in which they can relax after a ceremony.

The first step in this schooling for the modern marriage, it seems to me, might be taken by way of books, however doubtful that route is becoming for progressive pedagogues. Even now, in 1935, girls are being reared, up to adolescence at least, by the older generation of women as romanticists; and boys, as always, by other boys and men as realists. If we put into the hands of growing girls and boys only books written by sincere men and the few intelligent women novelists we have, we might build a bridge over the river of misconception that has been made to flow between them.

They would learn, then, that they have more human likenesses than sexual differences. They would understand intellectually, before they are given the opportunity to experience it emotionally, that a man and a woman who have a physical attraction for each other, who have lived together long enough to enjoy intercourse after the initial excitement has gone, who have mutual interests in children or possessions or endeavors will remain together permanently regardless of less vital but unavoidable affairs with other men and women.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They will know what it is that binds them over and beyond a ceremony. They will see other attractions, however magnetic for a time, in perspective. They will even glimpse the truth that, however necessary to them the permanent partner and accustomed living arrangement may be, the transient interest has a claim, too. They will know that a strict monogamy is as unnatural as an unbroken celibacy, that deviations from it are normal. They will not expect to depend upon the law or an old promise of fidelity to keep the pattern of their lives exact. They will depend on their artistic skill in manipulating human situations.

Starting out with open minds, they will learn also, in time and experience, that, no matter how artificial monogamous marriage is, life is too short and full for one person to learn to know and to love adequately more than one other person of the other sex. They will learn, further, that life is too long and free to protect one from attraction and temporary attachment to many other persons of the opposite sex. When, then, a married man or woman finds another woman or man with a decided attraction, he should get all that can be got from the relationship without hurting any other person with whom either may be permanently involved.

Perhaps that old rule of conduct that most intelligent people continue to rediscover for themselves after all other rules have proved inadequate is one all young married couples should follow: Be as happy as you can be without hurting others. With that axiom to follow, one would get back to primitive fundamentals and learn to decide each case on its merits, to take it or leave it — a state of mind I recently heard a very intelligent man describe as the only mark of maturity.

Artistic Management

There are still men, otherwise intelligent, in this enlightened age who either refuse to understand that their wives are as human, as naturally, if more reticently, polygamous as they themselves or, comprehending that reality, deliberately deny them the freedom they take for themselves. It happens that among the people I know best the level-headed man is or honestly tries to be as open-minded toward his wife's passing interests, if she be level-headed, as toward his own.

He may suffer when he knows that she is attracted by another man, as every wife who loves her husband is worried when she becomes aware of another woman's lure for him. Only the "sinner" of the moment can know just how casual and transitory is the other love, however warmly it glow. What we all want and can't have is for the person to whom we are married to stay put while we ourselves do a little meandering! *We* feel safe. We *know* that nothing can happen to our marriage so long as *we* are managing the extraneous affair but how can we be sure all is well when the other person is doing it?

My feeling is that we shouldn't know anything about it. The very essence of art is economy, whether it be of paint or words or marital confessions, so I adhere to the school which maintains that nothing which does not affect the well-being of the other partner in the marriage should ever be told. In a marriage that is good, it says, nothing of importance *can* happen to only one partner. The very telling of a transitory affair makes it of more importance to the other than it is to the actor, while it kills for the actor all that was vital and beautiful in it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I know a man who, after keeping to himself for two years a passing and delightful episode, in a moment of deep spiritual communion with his wife told her of it, thinking she could see it in the perspective in which it appeared to him. It took her three months to get any perspective at all — she'll never get his! — killed her friendship with the other woman, and made her relate a like experience — which he is still struggling to absorb!

Certainly it is good for the individual soul to refuse to be frustrated in a matter of behavior which, if kept to himself, can bring momentary happiness to two persons and no pain to another. Surmounting an inhibition is like going up on a windswept, sun-drenched hill after groveling in a mine of indecision and inaction; but, told, the knowledge of that ascension becomes a burden, not a release, to the person with whom one most wants to live in contentment and peace. Perhaps the disciples of this School of Silence should paraphrase Mr. Blake for a motto:

Never seek to tell your love
Love that never told can be,
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

The other school, which seems to me to be less artistic, less truthful in the end, and not so well adapted to the common run of sensible people, maintains that, between a husband and a wife who live together pleasantly and permanently, there should be no secrets. It insists on an understanding and acceptance of the fact that even in the best of marriages, by all the laws of nature, there will be a certain amount of emotional wandering and extramarital experience, vicarious or real. It insists, too, on the other partner's knowledge of these wanderings and experiences, because, between a man and a woman who love each other intelligently and unselfishly, there can be no necessity for secrets; and only by such complete unselfishness can their love become deeper.

I know two superior women who, in spite of more than fifteen years of marriage and children, are still individuals, with all the integrity they had as young feminists in 1920 — they just escaped the single-standard period and were open-minded on the subject of sex. They are happy, apparently and allegedly, in this design of marriage. Though neither of them has a lover, their closest friends are the women their husbands have loved for a long time. Each of them is sure that she has a relationship with her husband that is more satisfying than the sort we of the other school insist upon. I very much doubt it. What they have is a good friendship with little sexual love left in it. For the lover-and-mistress pattern, with its mutually satisfying, *artistically suggested* possessiveness, its subtlety, its mystery — which, I assure you, is possible in any "good" marriage of artists — they have substituted that matter-of-fact brother-and-sister relationship that is deplorable enough in the parlor.

For Those Who Died to End War

O young and trustful dead, pray God no wind
Bear to your quiet graves the ominous word
Men mouth anew nor devious echo find
Its way into your sleep of marching heard
Through streets again. May fast-sealed silence keep
You ignorant of the preposterous truth —
That they break faith whose oaths were loud and deep
To make no further hecatombs of youth.

Be deaf to them in death as they in life
Are deaf to memories of you that plead
A full recounting of the costs of strife.
Oh may your tranquil sleep be sound indeed
So that you hear not how men deal with you,
Lest you drink twice the sacrificial brew!

Adelaide Love

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guideposts to Prosperity

The Conservative Approach to Recovery

by **C. M. CHESTER**

MANY INTERESTING persons have sprung forward to direct us to the Road to Prosperity in recent years. Had we heeded the counsel offered we might have found ourselves in the predicament of the fabled creature which walked off in all directions; and indeed sometimes it almost appears that that is what the country has attempted to do.

Despite many handicaps and much unjust and injurious criticism, business has improved, and the voices of prophecy have become somewhat muffled. That was to be expected. During good times in this country the expounding of unsound ideas is a rather lonely art. It is in time of fear and trouble that people are inclined to turn away from the weathered prin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciples upon which our American civilization has been built and temporarily seek relief through methods which are questionable as to their soundness. Now, with the business pendulum apparently on the upswing again, greater stability of thinking seems likely to return; and once more many of those who stumbled into social and economic blind alleys

are becoming more receptive to the guidance of experience and common sense in getting back on the main highway of recovery and prosperity.

Businessmen, despite their human failings, have been conspicuous in this leadership in the century and a half during which the world has watched a colonial wilderness transformed into an envied industrial and commercial empire upon which three fourths of the people of the United States now depend for their livelihood, cultural growth, high standards of living, and free access to opportunities for individual achievement. But, with the depression, a sizeable share of the citizenry, bewildered and frightened, sought someone to blame for its troubles and heaped its resentment upon businessmen who at that very moment were struggling to weather the storm and save their enterprises and the workers and investors dependent on them.

Currently, with the national mood swinging toward the conservative, it is inevitable that the attitude of public and business should again become synchronized. This dovetailing phenomenon is supported by tradition, for, by and large, the fabric of our commercial, political, and economic history has been woven in progress originated and carried out by conservatism.

The adolescent and the irresponsible feel they can afford to take wild chances. They have little to lose, and that little is their own. Business, on the other hand, prefers to move forward on sound earth, not on the tightrope. That is because business — especially in this epoch of large-scale organization, with concomitant benefits to the consumer and the national wealth — must bear the large-scale responsibility of functioning in the best interests of millions of workers and investors and of the buying public. The very nature of the job makes business unable and indeed unwilling to operate on principles other than those tested by time and made workable by sound economic study.

II

And so today, with various factions agreed that it is "up to business" to disentangle the confusions of unemployment, mounting tax burdens, inadequate consumption, and financial uncertainty, there are two facts at least which you may depend on:

First, business, accustomed to responsibility, is soberly shouldering the responsibilities entailed in devising solutions for the complicated problems of postdepression reconstruction. And, second, business can be expected to offer no magic new cure-alls, no panaceas sketched with an airy gesture of the hand; for essentially "there is no new thing under the sun," and the seasoned verities must be relied upon.

It is too bad, perhaps, that our time-tried principles — the only trustworthy guideposts to prosperity — are not very handsome of themselves. They lack the sensation of novelty. They exude little of the glamor which incorrect thinking and lazy thinking only too often

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of late have prized above plain and serviceable horse sense.

One of the truths which business has learned to honor is that innovations hastily put into force without searching analysis are so expensive as to jeopardize the entire enterprise. When a manufacturer, for instance, creates what seems to be a splendid new product, experience warns him not to rush into mass production until he has tried it out. Even if the article does satisfy all inquiry, the manufacturer usually does not hasten to invest vast sums in an advertising program but first weighs the value of his sales story in test campaigns.

It was for this reason that businessmen protested against pell-mell governmental experimentation based on theory instead of fact and often executed by inexperienced men who had little to lose if such ventures piled billions upon billions of dollars on the public debt and served to mortgage the earnings of generations as yet unborn. To inexperience and lack of understanding can be ascribed many of the attacks against the attitude of businessmen. Now that the public is beginning to feel the actual and imminent impact of taxes, it is widely conceded that much that has happened was bad business; and industry is being restored to good standing in the community and invited to see what it can do about straightening things up after the party.

III

INDUSTRY, for instance, is expected to reabsorb the army of the unemployed and is severely criticized for not doing so almost at once, with disregard for the old doctrine of knowing one's facts before speaking out at the conference table. Logic should strikingly refute the arguments that the industrialist almost gloats over the plight of jobless men and women and that he stands an arrant coward, afraid to invest his funds in proper and normal plant and business expansion.

Far from relishing unemployment, the industrialist obviously yearns for just the opposite — widespread employment, with the workers enjoying a full measure of security and wages ample enough to meet their needs for the modern necessities of a full life. That is just good business. The more solvent customers industry has, the quicker the industrial machine accelerates and the more readily come the opportunities for earning dividends deserved by investors.

Nor does laborsaving machinery make for unemployment. The whole history of the machine age strikingly demonstrates that with improvements in technological production new occupations and new employment are created by industry motivated by the ideal — a self-interested ideal, perhaps — of producing what were deemed luxuries in such large volume and at such lowered costs that they become available to the great masses of the people.

Furthermore, taking the government census figures, it becomes obvious why industry cannot quickly make room for the jobless army —

though I hasten to add that industry is quite busily engaged in finding or creating self-supporting activities for many of the unemployed, to lighten the taxpayers' load and to stimulate consumption.

The census shows that in 1914 there were 6,896,000 wage earners employed in factories. In the peak year of the World War, there were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9,000,000 employed in factories. In 1929, peak year of the boom, there were 8,821,757.

In 1933 there were 6,523,000 wage earners employed in manufacturing — a decrease of more than 2,000,000. In 1935 industry employed 7,137,000 wage earners. It seems plain that industry, under the steady fire of criticism, has been doggedly going about its program of reabsorption of wage earners. It seems reasonable to suppose that industry may not be as guilty as it is made out to be, and we may see significance in the fact that the industrial employment curve gradually is approaching its normal level.

That level, likewise, must be the goal of other fields of employment. Agriculture, the professions, the offices, the trades, commerce, and shipping each has its own quota of unemployed to be absorbed; and it is becoming apparent that many who remain unemployed thereafter will need to be trained or at least given a start in the multitudinous fields of individual services required by a prospering people.

Right now the nation is groping in the dark for its unemployment statistics. We possess only half-facts, hair-trigger guesses by interested estimators. The National Association of Manufacturers believes that one logical step is for the government to make a scientific unemployment survey designed to show exactly the problem we have to face in future relief appropriations. We need to know the following things:

How many persons are actually out of work and can be classified as unemployed? What was their last employment? When did their last employment end? Are they male or female? What age? Are they skilled or unskilled workers; factory or so-called white-collar workers; professional or clerical? Where unskilled, are they farm or industrial workers? etc.

Then, when we have the tabulated facts, we can see better which way we should turn and how we can in the most practical manner care for those who are in need.

Another tenet written by experience is that a business organization functions better and accomplishes more if the personnel enjoys peace of mind, a sense of well-being, and a feeling of usefulness in the group. To hasten our steps along the prosperity road, many manufacturers not only have maintained or improved the NRA wage scales but have voluntarily provided, at great cost, mediums of economic security such as guaranteed employment; mutual-benefit associations; dismissal compensation; age-retirement plans; loans to employees; and group life, health, and accident insurance.

For instance, a nationwide survey by the National Industrial Conference Board, made among business establishments employing 4,500,000 persons, showed that 61 per cent are protected by group life-insurance policies; 54 per cent by mutual-benefit associations; 44 per cent by formal pension plans; and 58 per cent by emergency-loan programs. About a third of the employees was protected by dismissal compensation, group health and accident insurance, and relief funds.

IV

These activities, which should be encouraged by popular support, are merely separate pieces in the broad, constructive pattern of an enduring prosperity. And the most powerful uniting force in making the picture a reality is another lesson which industry learned a long time ago but which the nation as a whole has yet to appreciate for its full value.

I refer to co-operation. As I warned you, the seasoned principles are not very melodramatic in cold type. They do not, alas, invite fanaticism, and I wish that I could phrase a more fiery shibboleth. But co-operation is the word. It works in business, and we need it elsewhere in the nation, lest we succumb to cynicism and let the devil take the hindmost.

Co-operation! That is essentially the secret of the modern large business house. Co-operation between management and personnel, between departments, between executives, between the producers of raw materials — for example, the farmers — and the ultimate consumers. Without such co-operation there would be chaos. But of course such a co-operative spirit is no monopoly. The smaller business establishment which is entrenching itself with its buying public and building for the future must of necessity be similarly inspired.

And, if we are to stabilize our economic and social structure, it is imperative, I feel, that all the elements in our national life be made to realize the significance of this workaday word. The day of the lone wolf has passed. For the well-being of everybody, everybody must lend

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

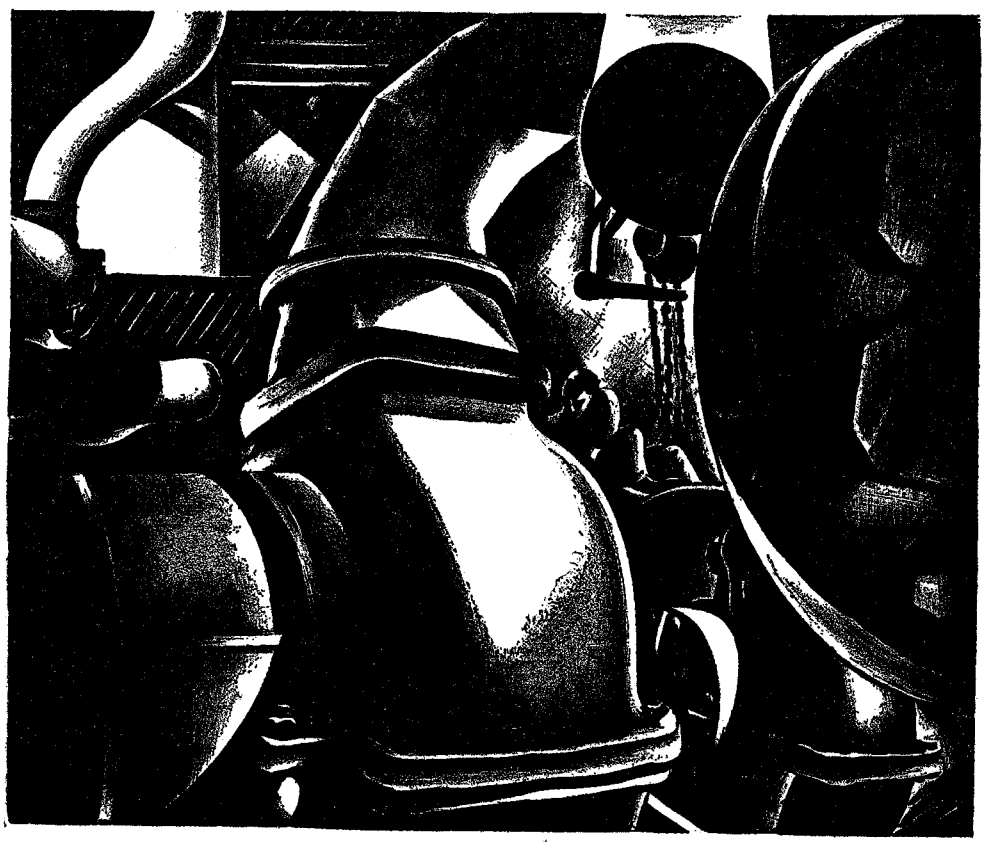
a helping hand. Intransigence is just too expensive.

Hence, we must make it quite plain that social welfare is universally endangered if any one of several groups, including labor, agriculture, capital, trade, management, or government, endeavors to play a lone hand or to exploit the rest of us. The collective consciousness must be encouraged by example and education, and, when disregarded, we who have no wish and no intention of exploiting others are indeed justified in defending ourselves against exploitation. It is here that government can be useful in protecting each and every unit of the whole, either from the others within the whole or from outside aggression. Above all, let government, more than any other group, remember its responsibility to the whole and not weaken the nation by an unfair persecution of one part of it.

Let me add that another of the policies which characterizes American business is a firm belief in the inevitability of forward movement. No business, no business executive, no industry can remain immobile if it would survive. Experience spurs a quest for self-improvement. Similarly, in our national affairs we should be receptive to sound and gradual social and economic changes of a constructive nature. But we should not be expected to harbor the terrorist technique in debate, as affected by many sincere if misguided extremists. Change and movement are natural in a young, dynamic, upward-striving nation; but for the sake of individual freedom and community solidarity the revisions in program should come within the ranks of representative American life, with only the best interests of the commonwealth dominant.

Despite many errors in tactics and judgment on the part of various pressure groups and theorists — on the part, too, of many individuals, in their yielding to emotional rather than logical reactions to current problems — it is encouraging to see such widespread interest in the welfare of the nation.

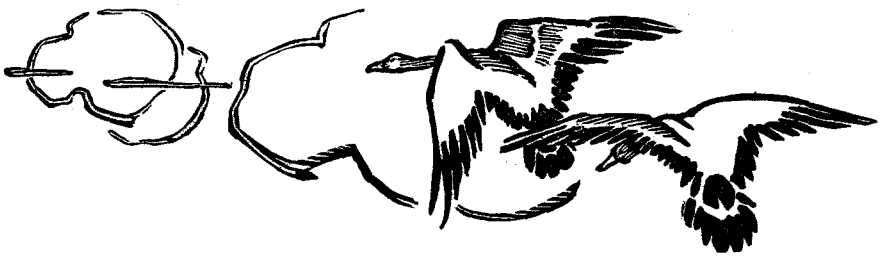
People are realizing that what is harmful to others must surely hurt them. Despite instances to the contrary, farmers, laborers, consumers, and industrialists are showing a willingness to work together for the common weal; and, with a return of the mediative and impartial services of government as a cementing force, there should be a reassertion of our weathered principles which can mean only good for the America of the years ahead.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOWNSEND PENSIONS: Sense or Nonsense?

A Debate



I — Recovery with Security

***by* FRANCIS E. TOWNSEND**

THE TOWNSEND PLAN is primarily a national recovery program. The old-age pension is simply the medium through which recovery and permanent prosperity will be accomplished. I mention this at the start so that FORUM readers may know that the Townsend Plan is not just an old-age-pension proposal.

There are three objectives in the Townsend Plan: (1) stabilizing employment, (2) stimulating industrial and business activity, and (3) establishing social security for our elders.

The means by which we propose to do this are: (a) levying a tax on every business transaction, to be paid into a revolving Citizens' Retirement Annuity Fund in the U. S. Treasury; (b) paying each citizen over 60 years old, upon retiring from gainful occupation, $200 per month from this revolving fund; (c) providing that he or she spends this money, within the United States, in the channels of trade within 30 days after receiving it.

The basic fundamentals underlying the Townsend Plan are the long-established, tested, and proven principles of mutual insurance, particularly that form known as mutual retirement-annuity insurance, now successfully operated by (a) the federal government, for civil-service employees; (b) outstanding American corporations, for their executives, salaried employees, and workers; and (c) the great American insurance companies which sell retirement-annuity policies to the general public.

Before going into the objectives and the means by which we propose to accomplish them, let me make a few observations here for FORUM readers, so that they may see clearly the need of the enactment into law of the Townsend Plan.

All authorities agree that we are now supporting approximately 30,000,000 people from the federal treasury — now a burden on the taxpayers. The American Federation of Labor last December, estimated that there were 11,400,000 unemployed workers. And President Green made this significant statement. He said:

> America faces the stubborn fact that unemployment will always be with us unless we insist on finding jobs for these millions in industry, where they can create the wealth for their support. The gains we have made are of small significance when compared with the magnitude of the problem we face.

With this situation before us, let's face facts. The modern machine on the farm, in mine, forest, and factory will never again call for all our man power. This is as it should be. Was not the machine invented and put into use as a laborsaving machine? Is it not called a laborsaving machine?

Instead of allowing this laborsaving machine to enslave labor and crush society, the Town-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

send Plan proposes to put the machine to work — full time — to save labor and give social security to all. How? By retiring from labor those not needed by the machine. Who? Our children and elders, of course. Modern industrial production makes it unnecessary, as a nation, to work our children or our elders. Man power, from 20 to 60 years of age, with the aid of the modern machine, can produce a high standard of living for every man, woman, and child in the United States. With this ability, it is proper that we should, collectively as fathers and mothers, support our children and prepare them for life's work; and it is equally just and proper that these children should, in return, during their productive years, support their fathers and mothers in their declining years. With the ability we have to produce, it is a matter of only management.

II

WEBSTER SAYS that an economist is a manager of a household. We, therefore, need to apply household economy to the situation, if we are to rebuild this nation into a prosperous commonwealth. We have had too much advice from stock-market economists. We have tried too much stock-market economy. We need now to apply common-sense household economy. We must establish a sound national economy. And that brings me back to the Townsend Plan and the means by which we propose to establish it.

First, we propose to levy a tax of 2 per cent on all transactions in the United States, of every kind and character, from the sale of a box of face powder to stocks and bonds, including all payments for personal service. This tax will be collected and deposited in a revolving old-age-annuity fund in the United States Treasury.*

Second, from this revolving fund, $200 per month will be paid to every citizen in the United States over 60 years of age who retires from gainful occupation. It is estimated that there are 8,000,000 who could and would qualify for this pension. This would put into circulation, into the channels of trade, $1,600,000,000 each and every month thereafter.

Third, to guarantee that this money would be spent each month in the United States as a business stimulant, it is provided, as a condition of payment, that each pensioner must spend the money and not hoard it. As a further guarantee, it is provided that a violation of this provision is punishable by cancellation of the pension.

Before taking up the objectives to be accomplished by the Townsend Plan, let me set forth here the fundamentals underlying this nationwide mutual retirement-annuity-insurance or social-security program. I have already stated that this insurance program has already been adopted by American corporations and insurance companies and by the federal government in the civil service. Because it is operated by the government, I will use the present civil-service-retirement-annuity fund to illustrate.

The government now maintains a civil-service-retirement-annuity fund in the United States Treasury. Each civil-service employee pays 2½ per cent of his salary into this fund. This deduction of 2½ per cent from salaries in the civil service is compulsory. It is collected by the government. It is a tax levied by the government on the salaries and wages of its employees.

When an employee has given a life of service to the government, he or she may retire with an income for life. To the extent to which it operates, this retirement-annuity fund gives old people security and buying power. But all citizens do not work for the government. Therefore and although it is sound, it is class legislation, enacted for a chosen few.

We, in the Townsend movement, demand that this sound and tested legislation be extended to all citizens, to those who pay taxes and support government as well as to those who are supported by taxes. The principles underlying the civil-service-annuity fund — and old-age retirement — are fundamentally sound and workable, as the government itself has proven. Upon these sound principles, now employed by the government, the Townsend Plan stands.

Let me make clear here that the Townsend Plan stands on its own feet — just as the civil-service-retirement-annuity fund sustains itself, without involving other departments or funds

* AUTHOR'S NOTE: — *The Research and Statistical Department of the Federal Reserve Board, in 1932, estimated the total volume of business in this country in 1929 as $1,200,000,000,000; the Dow-Jones business statistical organization in New York estimated a total business of $1,165,000,000,000, in 1929. A 2-per-cent transaction tax would have produced approximately $24,000,000,000 that year.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the government. The Townsend Plan does not call for the sale of bonds or for newly printed currency, nor does it threaten or involve other funds of the government or its credit. The Townsend Plan stands on the principle of "pay as you go," in the belief that this is a sounder financial national policy than that now employed by the present administration.

The Townsend Plan calls for a special tax levy, as explained, and no other tax money shall be used to pay pensions. The principle of mutual insurance demands that no more money be paid out than is taken in; that all shall be paid alike. If, perchance, during the first years of operation, the transaction tax fails to produce sufficient, then each pensioner will receive his or her prorata share — the total amount available divided by the number of pensions to be paid. This sound mutual feature in the Townsend Plan removes all honest fear that it might involve the government's credit or other revenues.

Another illustration of this self-sustaining principle of government-regulated insurance, is the Bank-Deposit Insurance Fund, which now gives security to those who put their savings in banks. It is maintained by a special tax levied on banks, which has nothing to do with other funds of the government.

III

THIS BRINGS me to the amount of the pension. Let me quote here from an advertisement inserted by one of the big insurance companies in a recent issue of a magazine with a nationwide circulation:

> Sound-thinking men and women are preparing today for financial independence in their years to come. . . . Do you realize just how little it costs to buy a life income, for instance, of $200 per month — a regular, sure, steady income that starts when you become 60 and continues every month as long as you live?

The amount of $200 per month suggested here by one of America's big insurance companies is not based upon any special program. It is wholly an appeal to human desire for a reasonable income, in accord with human needs and American standards. This is an offer of $200 per month from a private insurance company, for commission and profit to the salesmen and agencies that sell Townsend Plan policies. I say Townsend Plan policies because these policies sold by private insurance companies are identical in principle with the Townsend Plan, except that they are sold for profit. The Townsend Plan offers the same insurance to everybody through a government agency, at cost, for a social purpose — not for profit.

Likewise, the $200 per month was determined for a fundamental reason; not because $200 per month was suggested by a private insurance company as a nice sum to receive "every month as long as you live." Authoritative information indicates that it takes approximately $2,500, spent in the channels of trade, to produce a job for one man drawing a decent living wage.

Accepting these authorities, for every elder retired on $2,400 per year, a job will be created for an unemployed man.

In addition, each elder now working who accepted the pension would create a vacancy for someone else. It is significant that we have approximately 11,000,000 unemployed and 11,000,000 persons over 60 years of age. It is estimated that 8,000,000 could and would qualify for the pension. The spending of this $200 pension each month by 8,000,000 people, plus jobs vacated by them, would give every unemployed man in the United States an opportunity to work.

It is not necessary that I explain how $19,200,000,000, plus the wages of the now unemployed, would stimulate industry and business or how this $200 per month would give social security to our elders — the other two objectives set forth at the outset of this article. I need not go into the question of child labor. The modern industrial machine will pay our elders a dividend of $200 per month each for past services — just as corporation dividends now paid to idle stockholders give them buying power and ability to consume goods made by the corporation in which they own stock. Our elders built this modern industrial machine — and the dividends they will receive under the Townsend Plan will help consume the products which it now produces.

The Townsend Plan will accomplish these objectives without socialism, communism, or a dictator; nor will we call for a change in the Constitution or form of government. Under the Constitution and democratic government, we established the civil-service-retirement-annuity fund for government employees. The Townsend Plan simply extends this established

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

function of government to all civilians — to *all* citizens.

That is all there is to the Townsend Plan. Lincoln confounded his enemies with simple words. The Townsend Plan confounds the so-called economist. It is so simple.

II—Evangelical Economics

by NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

THE NEW streamline model of the Townsend Plan is so alluring that it seems unkind to look under the hood to see if it has any motor. The original Townsend Plan was promoted primarily to aid the aged. The new plan is described as a "national recovery program" which will stabilize employment and stimulate business.

It would be of such inestimable benefit to the country if these promised objectives could be achieved that the methods by which Dr. Townsend hopes to make them effective deserve the most careful attention.

The Townsend Plan rests on the conjunction of three factors: the ability of the federal government to raise at least 3 dollars a year in taxes for every dollar it raises now; the ability to distribute $19,500,000,000 a year in monthly installments of $200 apiece to the Townsend pensioners; and the ability to enforce the spending of this money by each of the 8,000,000 pensioners at the rate of $200 a month.

Dr. Townsend proposes to raise the money for his pensions by what he calls a "transactions tax." This is a super–sales tax imposed on every stage of every transaction, from the farm to the kitchen, from the mine to the factory, and from the factory to the retail distributor.

In the McGroarty bill, "transactions" are defined specifically to include the following:

> all personal service, also transportation by any means, and telephone, telegraph, radio, amusement, recreation, education, art, advertising, any public utility, any water rights and/or any and all other services of any kind whatsoever.

There are certain exceptions, notably bank deposits, loans and pledges of property, and tax-exempt securities.

The Townsend taxes are to be reported and paid for by the vendor. This means that the buyer will have to add the tax to the cost of the article or service which he buys, as the seller will so adjust the price as to include the tax he has to report and pay, just as is now done with tobacco and gasoline.

Consider for a moment what even those transactions specifically mentioned in the McGroarty bill would amount to.

In the first place, all personal services would be taxed. This means that every servant, every waiter, every beautician, every barber, everyone rendering personal service of any kind would be performing operations taxable under the Townsend Plan. Every telephone call would be taxable. Every radio and every motion-picture ticket or theater ticket would come under the Townsend tax. Every joy ride at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coney Island, every circus, every book, every lecture, every entertainment of any kind would have the Townsend tax added to its price. The Townsend taxes would be over and above all present local, State, or federal taxes on these items.

But this is not all. Every step in every process of manufacture would be subject to the Townsend tax.

In the comparatively simple process of making a shirt there would be at least 17 Townsend taxes, covering production, transportation, ginning, weaving, tailoring, wholesaling, and merchandising. The pyramiding of these taxes in the making of this and other articles would inevitably result in an increase in prices ranging from 25 per cent to perhaps as much as 250 per cent.

In other words, this Townsend super-sales tax would at once enormously increase the cost of all articles and services. As it is in fact a tax on consumption, it would fall heaviest on those with the smallest incomes. Their purchases of all kinds would determine their share of the tax — rather than their ability to pay.

II

THE OBSTACLES in the way of applying such a tax are so obvious that it is surprising that so many people fail to see them. Most persons in this country live on small incomes which rarely exceed a limited number of dollars. Out of these incomes they pay for their living expenses — including taxes. The higher the prices of what they buy, the fewer the articles which they can buy. So also, the more they have to pay in taxes, the less they have left for other things.

The Townsend Plan would increase prices and raise taxes. It would thus greatly reduce the purchasing power of the average individual.

At this stage of the argument the ardent Townsendites usually say that this will be offset by the increased purchasing power of the Townsend pensioners. At present they spend only a few dollars a month. When the Townsend Plan goes into effect they will spend $200 a month.

But they also will have to pay much more for what they buy and will have to pay their share of taxes. The $20,000,000,000 which the Townsend tax would take from the workers would not increase one cent in value by being turned over to the Townsend pensioners.

But this is only part of the picture. The Townsend pensioners would be receiving for living in idleness a sum larger than 70 per cent of the families in America earn. This money would, of course, have to be taken from those with the smaller incomes, if the transactions tax went into effect. As a result we should have millions of people supported in enforced idleness by families receiving much smaller incomes than the Townsend pensioners.

As a matter of fact, if the good Doctor were willing to allow his scheme to be altered a bit, it would be possible to support the entire nation in idleness, without anyone doing any work of any sort. To do this, all that would be necessary would be to change the pension from $200 a month per person 60 years of age and over to $200 a month per family. There are about 30,000,000 families in the United States. To give them the Townsend pension of $200 a month would cost $72,000,000,000 a year. This is 3 times the total estimated revenue from the Townsend transactions tax of 2 per cent, on transactions said by the Townsendites to amount to $1,200,000,000,000 a year. By increasing this transactions tax from 2 cents on the dollar to only 6 cents on the dollar, the necessary amount could be raised to provide a $2,400-a-year income for every family in the country — all of them living in complete idleness.

The absurdity of this is obvious. By a payment of 6 cents on the dollar the whole country could live off Uncle Sam, and at least two thirds of the families receive higher incomes for not working than they now get for working.

Dr. Townsend, of course, has not put forward such a proposal. But I mention it to drive home the completely mistaken ideas on which the whole plan rests. It is based on the assumption that money is wealth, whereas money is merely a medium of exchange and a measure of values. The only wealth in this country is what is or has been produced from the soil and the work of the people. To cure the present maladjustments in the distribution of income, the essential thing is to make it possible for people to earn more by producing more at cheaper prices, so that those with fixed incomes can buy more with their dollars.

But let us suppose, for the argument, that the Townsend economics is sound and that a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

painless tax could be imposed which would raise the necessary money to give to the Townsend pensioners. The task of distributing it would be formidable. It would require an army of clerks making and checking records of all sorts — birth records, income records, studies of the past lives of applicants (no one who has committed a crime is eligible under the proposed law); and this would be a gigantic undertaking. A system of mailing out 8,000,000 checks a month would also have to be devised.

But then would come the true difficulty. A vast army of snoopers would have to be created to see that the pensioners spent their money regularly each month. They may not give it away or save any of it. It must be spent — every dollar of it. Failure to spend it and giving it away contrary to law are crimes punishable by fine or imprisonment. Every pensioner would therefore have to keep books proving that he had spent everything according to requirements. The task of supervision staggers the imagination, as also the likelihood of wholesale evasion of the law and the necessity for establishing not debtors' prisons but savers' prisons! — where those whose lifelong instinct is to save could be jailed for laying aside a few dollars against a rainy day.

III

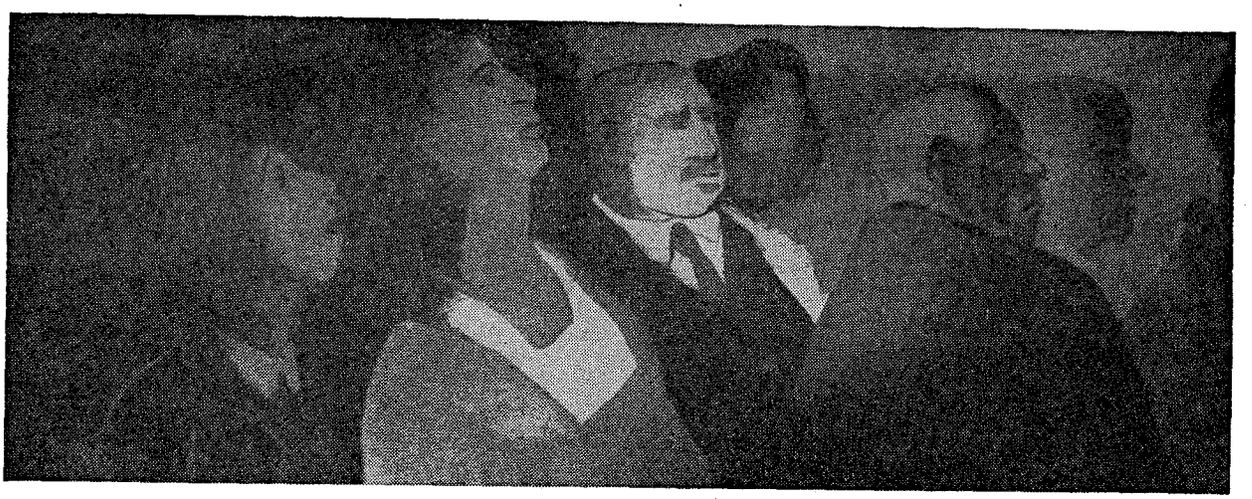
So utterly fantastic is the entire scheme that it is inconceivable that honest and intelligent people seriously believe in it. The tragedy lies in the fact that they are doomed to disillusion. Dr. Townsend, in the kindness of his heart, has taught them to believe in Santa Claus again. He has led them to think that his plan would relieve them of all their troubles and is perfectly feasible.

To make matters worse, he has based his arguments on economic fallacies and in so doing has helped still further to obscure the real problem. He assumes that machines necessarily put men permanently out of work. Economic history shows that they force changes in occupations. He draws an analogy between retirement annuities based on contributions made by the ultimate recipients and the payment of these annuities on an enormous scale by the great mass of the people of the country. If his plan were based on some sort of yearly payments on an insurance principle, beginning in childhood — these payments to be made by and credited to the ultimate beneficiaries — it might be possible to work out some such scheme. But this would involve a monthly contribution of about $20 per individual, beginning at the age of ten, if it were to be done on a sound actuarial basis.

The basic economic facts are simple. If 8,000,000 people are to be supported permanently in enforced idleness, they will have to be supported by those who work. The tax to provide the pensions for the enforced idle will come out of the national income. The national income is the product of the nation's mines, fields, factories, hands, and heads. This income cannot be increased by taking a part of it from one group and giving it to another to live in idleness. The $20,000,000,000 to be spent each year by the Townsend pensioners will come out of this national income, and will not be increased one cent in value by being transferred from one group to another.

Santa Claus cannot furnish a short cut to plenty. Neither does the Townsend Plan. The sooner the Townsend followers realize this, the better for all concerned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



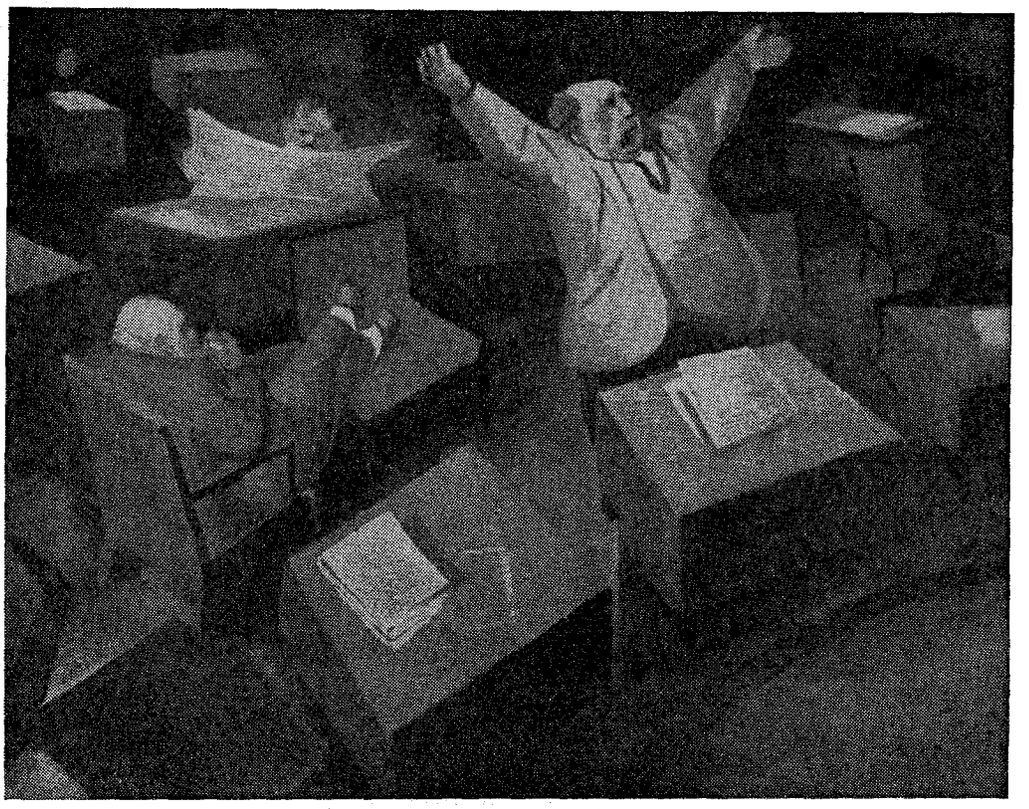
Audience

Fellow Citizens

Four Studies of Contemporaries

Courtesy of the A. C. A. Gallery

by WILLIAM GROPPER



The Senate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

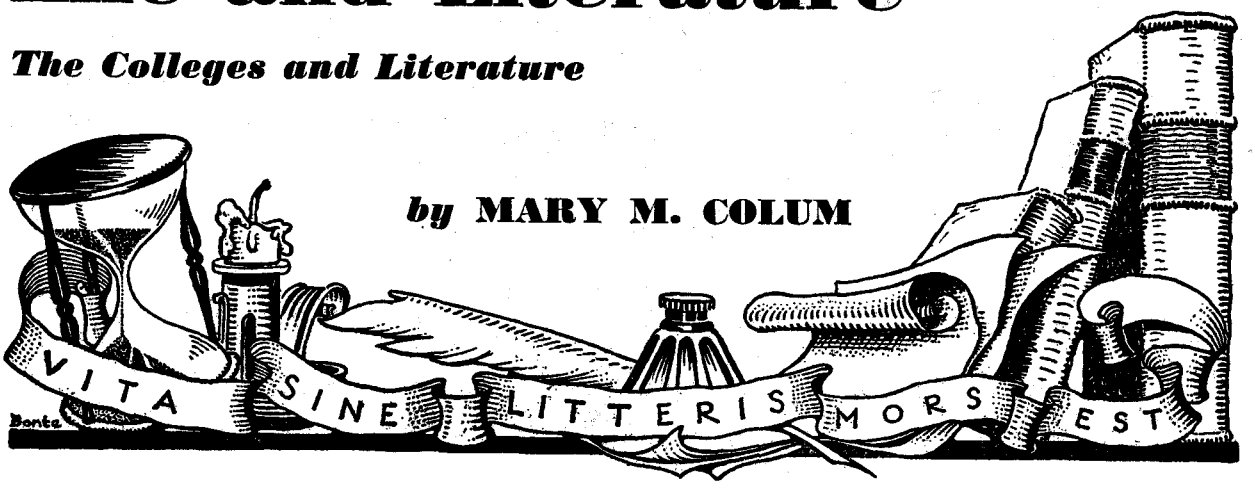
Village Character

The Judge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life and Literature

The Colleges and Literature



by **MARY M. COLUM**

THERE IS among all well-endowed young people a hunger for some kind of contact with the arts, for a knowledge of those artistic shapes that high flights of human emotions, passions, and imagination can take. The form that this desire assumes depends on natural endowment, environment, and training. Sometimes, it is an interest in music; less often, in painting or sculpture; very often, in literature — though literature at its highest level is far less generally understood and far less wide in its appeal than music. The highest artistic expression means that the height of life was reached by some one person, who translated his experience into music or poetry or painting or sculpture. It is the high reaches of life that young people want to know about, in spite of the fact that as life goes on they may become satisfied with the levels and the shallows.

On the whole, the bulk of the students belong to the mentally endowed; some, as I can say from personal contact, to the highly endowed, to those who are capable of taking leadership in the country. How are they, in a new country, to get the contact with the arts, with the recorded experiences of mankind, that their minds long for?

In an old country, contact with the arts comes, if not quite unconsciously, at least effortlessly, as part of ordinary living. There are statues in the street, pictures and music in a church, folk songs, folk tales, folk dances, music in the town gardens; they all become part of the mind's life before one realizes that one has been through a series of artistic experiences. Then, the very earth under foot is quick with the dust of hundreds of generations: the knowledge that here Shakespeare walked or Dante walked or Goethe talked; that there Michelangelo mounted a ladder to paint a ceiling — there is in the bare facts themselves something that quickens the imagination, stirs the emotions, and vivifies the intelligence. In old countries, in short, the interior life is easily and naturally developed, no matter what the faults of education, no matter how cramped the academic life, no matter how stodgy the professors or the teaching. The universities are in cities with a long history, a long civilization, long records of the adventures of the spirit, so that the students are really only partly dependent on the teaching and on the personality of the professors.

But here in America it is all different. Very often the universities and colleges are not in large cities, with a tradition, but in towns that are small and narrow and sometimes in States that have still all the characteristics of the frontier. For instance, the University of Miami in Florida with which I happen to have first-hand experience, has to supply to its students every form of cultural life: the town itself has no picture gallery, no orchestra, no little-theater movement, no theater at all except the movies, and only one real bookshop. The college itself supplies the orchestra and the theater movement; it supplies at great effort and sacrifice contact with well-known makers of literature and music — some of them world-famous — whom it brings there during the winter term. Numerous colleges in this country must have exactly the same problem, and to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solve it demands energy and enlightenment, resourcefulness and originality, imagination and practical intelligence.

European vs. American Universities

Those of us who were educated in colleges in European countries often got from them few of the advantages that these young, often impoverished American colleges provide: all was so stereotyped and conventional; but then the important part in our education came from the intellectual and artistic life of the surrounding city — at least, for those mentally endowed students who could take part in such life. It is the same with all the universities in European countries — a salient part in the education comes from the tradition, from the developed life of the country. But here, except for a couple of great colleges in the East and one or two of the older ones in the Middle West, no sort of old cultural life exists in the environment: the college itself has to supply everything; and it is a serious problem how this can be done. Of course, in a way, it has been a problem for a long time — in fact, since the arts themselves ceased to be taught by the makers of them and were taken over by the commentators.

Henry Seidel Canby, in his delightful and thoughtful *Alma Mater*,* tells us that in this country:

> Tens of thousands of college youths have been taught their literature by men and women whose most active preparation was a method of research expended upon a subject which was often not worth investigating. . . . Is this the reason why the American college graduate, especially the male graduate, unlike the educated class of any other great nation, is not a reader of books?

The specialist-scholars who were the professors "left out the middle term of teaching which is man, the interpreter and the interpreted." Is it any wonder that students came out of college "incapable of knowing what literature was about"? For, instead of literature, they came in contact with that "hybrid out of literature and science, literary scholarship." The professors were

> afraid of the complex emotionalism of literature which inevitably relates itself to every new manifestation of human nature.

Even among present-day students one can arouse surprise by the simple statement that literature, like music, is an art, a vehicle of expression for all the experiences, all the emotions of men. Most of them have been brought up to think that it is a vehicle for instructing the young, like the catechism or a commentary on the Constitution. The real reason for the study of an art is overlooked: that it develops all the powers of life — the imagination, the emotions, the personality — and that in addition it is the history of life and human relations.

And then we wonder how it happens that the American man and woman, in youth so strong and handsome, become, many of them, in middle age those dried-up, complacent-looking persons one sees playing bridge at resort hotels or in trains, something vital in them shriveled for want of nutriment, undeveloped. Not always dead, though, for they can be induced to listen to a poem well said, or a sonata played with passion, and they listen sometimes with a puzzled intensity, as of people touching on a mysterious, uncomprehended experience. They have been through what is called the great commonplaces; they are, in fact, seldom deprived of them in this country — the emotions connected with marriage, sex, love, offspring. But the great *un*commonplaces, those experiences, called aesthetic, which are aroused by contact with the recorded experience of the race in art — these they have not known.

Now it is only a very rare person who can help becoming colorless and stodgy after first youth without some understanding or experience of an art, without some sort of knowledge of what life has meant at its highest flight (for that is what art is — the record of life at its highest flight). It is the record by those who combine the strongest feeling and the strongest thought with an outstanding technical gift for expressing them.

Back to the Arts

The author of *Alma Mater* some time ago in an article suggested that the colleges and universities attract to their staffs some outstanding writers who would give the students contact with the mentality of an artist and so in some degree revive the ancient usage of having the arts taught by the men who practice them. Although several well-known composers and many writers — Willa Cather, Hervey Allen, Thornton Wilder, Thomas

*Editor's Note: — *Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wolfe, to mention a few — have been teachers, very few artists would like to put in an academic year teaching, though many of them might like to give a course in their own subject for a college term. The distinguished composer, Ernest Bloch, taught the elements of music to village children in a summer school in New Hampshire for two seasons and got both excitement and interest out of the job. He or his compeers in literature would have had still more interest in awakening the more developed and vibrant young minds in a college, so soon to become the artists' audience. Instead of the scattered and unrelated outside lecturers that the universities engage for one lecture a term, surely the continual contact for a month or two with an outstanding practitioner in any of the arts would be of more value to the students. The outside lecturer is usually a casual name picked from the list of a lyceum impresario. A poet or a composer or a painter of well-known accomplishment might in a few weeks be able to wake up all of those students capable of being aroused to the reality of aesthetic experience.

Certainly some resolute attempt must be made to get education back again to the arts if human personality is not to go on diminishing as it has done in the last half-century, with civilization taking away from people so many of the old, simple outlets of expression. We are now living in a civilization whose entire trend is to ignore as impractical or foolish all those desires which cannot be explained or satisfied in some material fashion. Our grandmothers and grandfathers had outlets that the machine has taken from us: they could use their minds to make things; they could entertain themselves and their friends playing a fiddle or a piano or a flute or by singing songs or carving wood or even by painting lilies on the panels of their doors; they had the great psychic comfort of being able to use their minds to make something — that is, to satisfy a need as imperious in some people as the need to eat or to love.

In our time an effort has to be made to convince people trained in purely practical values that the possession of an appreciation of an art without any practice of it is in itself something of enduring value which will give enduring satisfaction. A great many who would get sufficient pleasure out of appreciating and understanding an art devote themselves to it with the notion that they can later get out of it some material profit. This notion is rather more extensively encouraged in literary fields than in those of any other art, and magazines often carry ingenious advertisements offering to teach people how to make money by writing.

Writing Instructors

Recently an article appeared in a periodical giving an account of the experiences of two young men who, purely by way of experiment, set up a literary agency and advertised that for a fee of two dollars they would criticize any literary effort sent them. Literally, the dollars poured in with every mail — and from the most unlikely people: farmers' wives in remote States, people who could never write but who longed for that contact with an art which would give them some fulfillment. The young men were astounded and moved to pity by the result of their advertisement and by the pathetic yearnings it had touched, by the response of those starved for an imaginative outlet, which, of course, the advertisers were unable to let them have. But there are many others who willfully exploit this longing as all human longings, strengths and weaknesses, can be exploited.

It has been the intention of this department for some time to criticize the claims of some of these people and to ask readers to weigh the content of similar offers, so commonly advertised, before being tempted to respond. There is in itself nothing wrong about offering to teach people to write, any more than there is about offering to teach them to play the piano. If the teaching is begun young enough, at college age, it can give some sort of an understanding of how literature is made; it can help to develop personality and an interior life that will be an aid in enduring that common calamity in this country, loneliness and isolation.

There is in addition something in writing that can be taught to even the most highly gifted — the late Professor Baker of the Forty-seven Workshop at Yale had as pupils both Eugene O'Neill and Thomas Wolfe, both men of genius. But this can be done by only a rare person, by one who is a literary expert and who knows thoroughly the branch of writing he is attempting to impart. Professor Baker knew the drama in all its elements, in every phrase of its development; he knew it as an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

art and as a trade; he could instruct both artists and trade writers; he had something to give all his pupils, whether they were writers or appreciators — he taught all his pupils something. As for the real writers, the really talented, he professed merely to save them time. He said, in effect, "In the course of work you would learn all this for yourselves, but I can save you a little time."

Preferably all such teaching should be done not by the scholar-specialist or the advertising trade instructor but by people who know literature thoroughly, who are all-round experts in it, and as a course amongst other courses where it has its checks and balances. It is still possible at this stage of history for one person to have a working knowledge of all the salient literature of the European peoples — possible, that is, for an adult in his prime — and without having, at that, detached himself for too long in his study; it is possible to have read the major works of the classics, to have read the representative work of all the great writers in modern literatures, to have read not all of Chaucer or all Goethe or every work of the Elizabethans but enough of them to have an easy knowledge of their minds and the products of their minds. I for one cannot believe that modern technique in writing can be explained by one who is not a literary expert. How can Joyce's *Ulysses* be understood without a knowledge of Homer and of Goethe and of Flaubert? I do not understand how Proust's technique can be explained without a knowledge of Fielding, Henry James, and Stendhal, not to speak of discoveries in modern psychology.

With this, anyhow, I am in accord with the professional writing teachers who advertise: nearly any intelligent person, if he or she is still young and limber enough, can be taught to write stories or plays just as the older generation was taught to play the piano or to sketch. (One will remember that the heroine of the older romantic novels frequently met the hero as she was sketching a ruin or a waterfall.) That is, writing as a sort of accomplishment to develop an interesting mentality can be taught to as many people as piano playing or water coloring can be taught. But writing as an art or a trade, apart from such accomplishment, is a very different matter, and to encourage people to take writing courses in the belief that their works are salable is to take on a responsibility. Fiction writing, at least of the kind that is a sort of articulate daydreaming, can be taught to a great number of people. But to attempt the teaching of poetry or criticism is to encounter unrealized difficulties.

It is even difficult to teach the younger generation in colleges nowadays what poetry is, because so many of the students have no longer that once common literary possession, a knowledge of the Bible or of Vergil and Ovid. There was a time when every college student knew, as a matter of course, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," and, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples," and, knowing such lines, he knew what poetry was, knew what levels great emotion could reach; he knew something of what shapes the imagination of early civilized man took.

Inheritance from Ancient Literature

While the day will never return when the first necessity of education was ten years' discipline in Latin and Greek, it is difficult to know how that commonly taught subject, literary history, can have reality or meaning for students without a knowledge of a few Greek plays, the psalmists, and the prophets — that is, a knowledge of literature when it was partly art and partly religion. The interest in the psalmists and the prophets was often destroyed for young people by their having to listen to them being groaned out of a pulpit. The intense life that is in Sophocles, on the one hand, and Catullus, on the other, was seldom communicated by professors whose major preparation for revealing it was time spent in deciphering palimpsests and editing variant readings. Seldom have students been shown that these are all part of this history of life and of human relations and that the reading of *Oedipus* or *Faust* or *Hamlet* or *Phèdre* can bring to youth one of the great thrills, one of the great uncommonplace experiences.

It has often been said that the tale of Helen is told anew in every generation; so should the Greek plays and the Bible be presented anew in every generation. Gilbert Murray did Euripedes for the late Victorians, did it as they wanted it, in Swinburnian meters, with the grave old Greek passions adorned with sensuous Swinburnian yearnings. His presenta-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion does not make the same appeal to the post-War generation. But we have Sophocles' Oedipus presented by one of the greatest living poets, W. B. Yeats, in an idiom stirring to present-day readers. It is a sidelight on modern education that for twenty young people who can tell us all about the Oedipus complex barely one will know anything about the King of Thebes or of the dramatist who wrote his tragedy. Unless literature is known and taught for what it is, there is danger of its being superseded as a record of human experience.

In making an appeal for the use of the older literatures, I am far from suggesting that modern literature should be relegated to a less influential place. But modern literature is very well provided for in American colleges and universities; the number of students who can give an intelligent account of the work of contemporary writers is very surprising. The teaching of the moderns, however, has to be related to the old, great records of human experience; otherwise it becomes merely a sort of stunt, dangerous in so far as it tends to give the impression that literature begins with contemporaries and that what went before them is too old and outdated for the modern world. Yet very many of the important writers of today are the ones who are most aware of the classics, who have been most bent on building their own contribution on what they got from the classics. Some of what is regarded as the latest discovery in technique can be found in Homer and some of the most modern methods of character revelation in Racine, and the unities of Sophocles are having their worth shown anew. We need new approaches to and new explanations of the old writers — not cheap modernizations, not translations of them into the terms of the columnists, but penetrating understandings of them which will reveal to the young the elements that are always the same.

For these reasons a new book by that vivid and penetrating critic, Edith Hamilton, is of timely interest. She has already written an interpretation of the Greeks and the Romans for the modern world, *The Greek Way*, and *The Roman Way*. Her new book is *The Prophets of Israel*,* and she presents them not as the great denouncers of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life that we heard about from the pulpit but as men of great and vivid utterance, great poets who were concerned with vital things, with the great realities. Everything she writes is an aid to putting the great ancients, the Greeks, the Latins, and now the Hebrews, in a new setting, one which shows their kinship with all the writers of all time, including even the most extreme of the moderns.

*Editor's Note: — *Norton, $2.50.*

Chromatic

Soft and slow,
Warm and sweet,
Summer moves
Across the wheat,
Painting, wave
On wave away,
The farthest edge
Of a tranquil day.

Sarah Trousdale Mallory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The GAG Threatens!

Shall Congress Mangle the Bill of Rights?

by **MAURY MAVERICK**

United States Representative from Texas

AMONG the merry bills now pending in Congress there are two clamoring for fang and claw: the "military disaffection" bill and the Kramer sedition bill.

Both of them have one purpose in common: to strangle that fundamental liberty of utterance and ink upon which our very existence as a free people is predicated. In plain English, the GAG!

The first of them, a hybrid, ostensibly intended to insulate the army and navy lambkins from all subversive wiles and blandishments, contains vast search and seizure privileges which would in effect put the *civilian* population under military domination. Although Senator Tydings, one of the original authors, has dropped it, some strong force keeps it alive.

The Kramer bill, introduced by Representative Charles Kramer, Democrat, of Hollywood, makes it a crime to *advocate* the overthrow of the government by force and violence. That sounds very patriotic, but there is something else in the woodpile.

Such suppressive laws were tried just after the Revolution, but with little success. It has been only since the World War and particularly since the depression that really strong efforts have been made to end political democracy by the gag.

Now let us examine the forces behind these present bills. To begin with, there is the dear old Chamber of Commerce of the good old U. S. A! The United States Chamber of Commerce promotes sedition bills and gag legislation under a pretense of "fighting the communists." But it also campaigns lustily against "government regulation" and says the government should "let business alone." In effect, while fulminating against government in business, it *favors interference by the government in the newspaper business*. Some of my liberal friends, always searching avidly for some deep and sinister reason, say the Chamber expects to win the next election. And, if it does, they continue, there will be a law all ready, passed by foolish Democrats, that will enable it to start persecutions under the new fascist state.

This line of reasoning is a little too complicated for the Chamber brethren. They do, however, represent Big Business and Big Industry; and the leaders go at it shrewdly enough to know just what they are after. And what they *are* after is to put a gag on the American people, so that Big Business, including shipbuilders and munitions makers, can go unmolested. And of course they want to suppress criticism of the *status quo*.

SECRETARY OF NAVY DRUGGED BY ADMIRALS

THE SECRETARY of the Navy favors the military-disaffection bill and the Kramer sedition bill, lock, stock, and barrel. This is understandable. For the Secretary has long been a complacent promoter of big appropriations for the navy; and he is the doting grandfather of his little boys, the admirals. When an admiral talks, he sits and beams and bows assent. He is surrounded by salty gentlemen with hermetically sealed brains, men who have been calked down and insulated intellectually since they went on work relief at seventeen years of age — automatons in thought; suave, pleasant fellows. The Secretary of the Navy is drugged and lying for dead on the banks of the Potomac, while they take the wheel.

Many of the "patriotic" societies are for the gag bills. That is also understandable. The members themselves are used by such upper groups as the United States Chamber of Commerce. Through the espionage department of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the navy they are constantly being given "secret information," marked CONFIDENTIAL. All this appeals to their vanity.

Secretary of War Knows Bill of Rights

The Secretary of War is not for the sedition bills. He is a reasonably liberal fellow. He has really read the Bill of Rights and he does not let his generals push him around in an intellectual wheel chair. Secretary of War Dern was fooled about the military-disaffection bill in the beginning. The uniforms behind the Secretary of the Navy, in a circuitous way, worked Secretary Dern into signing a letter approving the gag bill. Dern was outraged and has since let it be known that he is not for the bill.

The Chamber of Commerce is still using the same old tiresome stuff about communists and the Red Menace. Liberals-who-hate-the-Chamber and those-who-think-they-are-communists come back by calling the Chamber boys fascists.

Both sides in this squabble err. But in all this inaccurate, sometimes vicious, false, and violent talk there are several important points. The first and most important is that talk is guaranteed to be free by the Constitution, with no limitation and no exception. The laws of libel and slander are still in effect, as also are laws against criminal conspiracy, treason, overt acts, and dozens on dozens of others protecting the army and navy, the country, and the Constitution.

> Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whoever with the intent to incite disaffection advises, counsels, urges, or solicits any member of the Army and the Navy of the United States to disobey the laws or regulations governing the Army and the Navy, or whoever with the intent to incite disaffection publishes or distributes any book, pamphlet, paper, print, article, letter, or other writing which advises, counsels, urges, or solicits any member of the Army and the Navy of the United States to disobey the laws or regulations governing the Army and the Navy, shall be punished by a fine of not more than $1,000 or by imprisonment for not more than two years, or both.
>
> Sec. 2. Any book, pamphlet, paper, print, article, letter, or other writing of the character described in section 1 of this Act may be taken from any house or other place in which it may be found, or from any person in whose possession it may be, under a search warrant issued pursuant to the provisions of title XI of the Act entitled "An Act to punish acts of interference with the foreign relations, the neutrality, and the foreign commerce of the United States, to punish espionage, and better to enforce the criminal laws of the United States, and for other purposes," approved June 15, 1917 (40 Stat. 228; U.S.C., title 18, ch. 18).
>
> — *S. 2253, the military-disaffection bill*

How many meanings or interpretations can you find for such words as *intent, incite, disaffection?* Or for *advises, counsels, urges, or solicits?* Under legislation like this, during the World War, American citizens went to prison for many offenses — including that of quoting from the *Congressional Record*.

> Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, That any person who knowingly and willfully shall advocate the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force or violence shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not more than $5,000, or imprisonment for not more than five years, or both.
>
> — *H. R. 6427, the Kramer sedition bill*

Yes, The Bill of Rights Is Still in Effect

Also, the Bill of Rights is still in effect. Navy people seem to forget this. They forget, as well, that freedom of speech and press is guaranteed in the very first amendment to the Constitution. That amendment says that there shall be no abridgment to the freedom of the press, or of speech or of religion — and says so forcefully. There are no *ifs* or *provideds* in it. And the fourth amendment to the Constitution says that the government must *stay out* of our homes and that we have a right to our papers. It doesn't say, in either amendment, that VIOLENT TALK is prohibited. Nor does it say that the communists, fascists, or Liberty Leaguers cannot say what they like. Nor does it say that our doors can be knocked in and our houses ransacked because we might say something about fraud in a navy contract or because our papers happen to be in red, white, blue, or yellow jackets. Nor does it say that we should be put in jail for having in our possession some print which offends the aesthetic sense or moral or political ideas of some official or picayunish naval officer.

Everybody already knows this. Everything

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have said is obvious. We all know liberty is supposed to work both ways, equally for the benefit of top, low-down, and under-dogs.

But still the sedition bills come on. And that seems surprising, because never before in peacetime since the alien and sedition acts of the Adams administration has a serious effort been made to pass a sedition act. What happened to those laws is well known.

If we review the question of freedom of speech and press historically, preceding the Revolution, we find that our forefathers — and we had forefathers of all kinds — demanded and got the Bill of Rights, the *right* of *civil* liberties. But it is also true that Oriental countries and Africa have never enjoyed such a thing. When Russia suffered the communist revolution, the people lost nothing as far as freedom of speech and press was concerned. Passing from the old order to communism meant merely changing the gag to other mouths.

Advocacy and Overt Act

For a long time before the American Revolution, western Europe and England enjoyed more freedom of expression than any other portion of the world. And such freedom was greater in England than any part of western Continental Europe. There, at an early date, a distinction was made between the right of the government to *prohibit in advance* printed matter and the right to slander and libel suits, by individuals, *afterwards*. The general Anglo-American concept has been that a newspaper can print what it pleases and take the consequences afterwards for civil libel and slander. But, as for general advocacy of *anything* by word of mouth, print, or symbol — including advocacy of violence against the government — this has been considered a right in England, as well as here.

Let us compare *advocacy* and *overt act*. Mere advocacy of "overthrowing" the government, violent *talks*, *words*, not deeds: these are within the limitations of freedom. Overt *act*, however slight, criminal conspiracy: these are both against the law now.

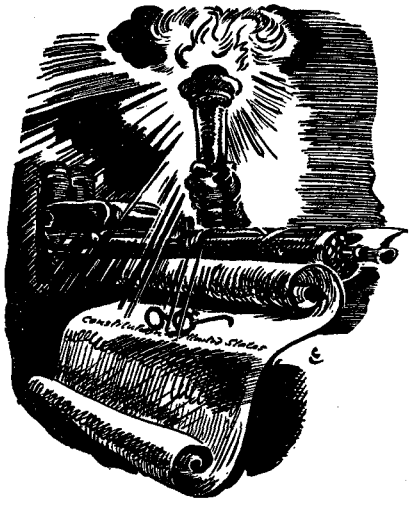
Those who proposed the Bill of Rights, having recently endured bitter oppression and a bitter revolution, knew that the most extreme speech, including all manner of violent talk and all manner of blowing off steam, would help prevent revolutionary measures and would aid in the maintenance of free and orderly government.

These men wanted to form a government in perpetuity. They put no limit whatever on freedom of speech and press. In spite of this, soon after our Revolution, the alien and sedition acts were passed. They rightly became so

Have you ever read these?

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

— first amendment to the Constitution



The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

— fourth amendment to the Constitution

The first ten amendments to the Constitution (the Bill of Rights) were adopted by the First Congress and ratified by the States as guarantees of personal and State liberty over and above those in the Constitution itself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grossly unpopular with the people that the latter upheld President Jefferson when he declared:

> The sedition law is no law, and I will disobey it if it comes in the way of my functions.

This temporary bill ran out, and no one dared attempt to renew it. Its constitutionality was never passed upon. It has always been universally regarded, however, as directly in violation of the Constitution, as any similar law must be.

At this session of Congress the military-disaffection and the Kramer bills were for a time regarded as dead. Suddenly they popped up and might have passed; at any rate, they are still actively before Congress and should be watched by all who do not want to be gagged or jugged for using their own brains. Each of them is worse than the alien and sedition acts. With the navy–Chamber of Commerce lobby behind it, either may be pushed to the floor at any time. This in spite of the fact that the newspapers of the country — radical, reactionary (including the *Wall Street Journal*), liberal, and conservative, with the exception of the Hearst papers, strongly oppose the bills. Likewise, the army is sick of the whole sedition business. "Patriotic" and veterans' organizations have announced their support, but many of those which are bona fide are becoming suspicious. The usual perfunctory support of such organizations does not as a rule impress the opposition with either the bills or the motives behind the support.

Anyhow, these bills strike directly at the veteran and should be fought by all the veterans' friends. Usually at a veterans' convention, any resolution which damns the "communists" is passed with a whoop — although it might well work grievous harm to the veterans themselves. Yet many veterans' leaders embrace this program as a stock in trade. The average veteran functions automatically on a vague emotional mania to gag those who he thinks are communists. Seeing red, he is blind to the consequent garroting of the liberties of the average citizen and his own oral suicide. He does not realize he is throwing a boomerang that will, sooner or later, fly back in his own mouth.

The Kramer bill, introduced by Mr. Kramer of Hollywood, gives a man a five-year rest in a federal prison for advocating the "overthrow" of the government. This bill, like the military-disaffection bill, sounds innocent enough, but in the light of decisions on the sedition act during the World War pretty nearly anything could be construed as a violation of it. The author of the bill, for instance, gave as one of his passionate reasons the fact that in the San Francisco strike a cartoon had been printed of the President of the United States! He recently defended this point of view on the floor of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

House. All that I could see about the cartoon was that it was an excellent one, and I'm sure that President Roosevelt would laugh at it himself.

Both Bills Legally Unnecessary

Both the naval-military gag and the Kramer bills violate the first amendment (freedom of speech, press, religion) and the fourth amendment (search and seizure) to the Constitution.

They also have another vicious quality in common: they are legally unnecessary. The army and navy need no additional military legislation. They are protected by enough military and naval statutes to choke an admiral. Our services also have the Court Martial Manual, which puts a soldier or sailor practically at the mercy of his superiors but which, in any event, has always maintained discipline. Both services have dozens of laws protecting them from outsiders or civilians, and the navy has additional laws by which the President of the United States can set up so-called defensive areas and make practically any kind of regulation he wants for the protection of the minds of his admirals and the sailor boys, including necessary penalties.

Any competent naval or military officer will tell you further legislation is not needed. A few officers in the espionage department of the navy, who do nothing but draw their pay, manufacture propaganda for so-called patriotic organizations, and agitate against and libel and slander decent taxpayers, have worked themselves up to such red heat that they really believe there is some danger. In their officially libelous documents they solemnly include the twenty million Protestants of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ! They get violent hysterics about such persons as Jane Addams! They proclaim their fear for the patriotism of their gobs through the blandishments of handsome gals of the Sex Squad of Red Russia! In their distorted imaginations every person who does not agree with them is a paid spy of the U.S.S.R.!

Civil Population Loses Liberties

The great danger of the navy gag, as well as the Kramer bill, is of course to the public, the *civil* population. The army and the navy are in no danger of being "overthrown," nor is there danger of any sedition; and both services well know it. The cute little point involved in all this "patriotic" hullabaloo is that, should the navy gag bill be passed, the navy and army will be given almost supreme power over all the American people. The impatient gaggers know this. They have counted on it.

It is true that the military must ask for search warrants under the law. But it would be easy enough, upon the vaguest type of suspicion, to ask for a search warrant, have one federal deputy carry the warrant and a squad of soldiers or sailors assist the deputy by carrying along their guns, bayonets, and tear-gas bombs. A great job could be done by kicking in our doors, as the dragoons of Louis XIV did; presses of newspapers and periodicals could be destroyed; in fact, a peach of a time could be had by all — except any citizen of the United States who talked or thought differently from our naval or military officers.

Such power could be used in strikes. It could be used in ordinary times against the critics of large government appropriations. It could be used for anything which might remotely "disaffect" any soldier or sailor or disturb the imagination of any military or naval man. During the War the sedition act meant nearly anything that might be called criticism; and, as for the press, it was not even necessary for the soldier to have seen any printed criticism to brand the publisher guilty. This navy gag law goes further — it gets everybody from the printer on through the publisher to the newsboy!

Chamber! Heil the Commander in Chief!

And, strangely enough, the proponents of this legislation have forgotten that the President of the United States is the Commander in Chief of the United States Army and Navy! It would be swell to clamp our friends of the Liberty League in jail for yammering about our Commander in Chief. During the latter part of January our admirals, after accepting an invitation to talk before an organization, refused to talk, and Secretary Swanson let the Assistant Secretary of the Navy order the band to walk out because a Liberty Leaguer had "insulted the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States" before this group. It is lucky for the speaker that the proposed legislation was not then in effect:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he would have been carried, free of charge, to the nearest jail. Nevertheless I am not in favor of such gag legislation, for the reason that another Commander in Chief might put me — or you — in a federal prison for expressing my own opinions. Though, for that matter, the situation would have its amusing side if the United States Chamber of Commerce should find itself in a federal *juzgado* for criticizing the President — i.e. the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States of America!

Sedition Bills Destructive of Military Discipline

From a military viewpoint, any such legislation will injure discipline, because a soldier will naturally resent the slur cast on his patriotism and integrity. Moreover, he will naturally become inquisitive of the actions of the so-called subversive element. As a soldier and former officer, I know the whole affair is nonsense. Forbid a soldier to read, and he *will* read. Denounce communism, and he may swallow the Red Russian, beard (if any) and all. Treat him like a human being with self-respect, and he'll go to hell for you.

At any rate, these suppressive and oppressive laws are a stupid and unkind reflection on the soldier and sailor of America — and, of course, on the average American. Russia's and Germany's soldiers and sailors revolted when their conditions became intolerable — notwithstanding the strictest types of sedition and repressive laws. In this country sedition laws will do no good — worse, they will cause a spirit in our military forces directly *contrary* to good order and military discipline.

All the cowardly arguments generally used in campaigns of this kind are now being used by those who are trying to restrict the freedom of speech and press. There are three kinds of gaggers and alarmists. One is the weak but inoffensive, honest person, who believes that the country is in grave danger. It is a sort of a gratification of his inhibitions, a sort of self-importance complex, whereby he can assume the worries of state — and harass other citizens. For the last seventeen years the Communist Menace has been chronically on the verge of overthrowing the government. The government still stands, which surely is proof enough that, from a governmental viewpoint, we do not need any militaristic gag legislation. I have been hearing of the Red Menace until I am blue in the face. There is always voting "Present," in a loud, hoarse voice, a menace of some kind, and I am getting tired of the Red Peril.

Average citizens, either singly or in organizations, are continually prodded by selfish groups into making "protests" and "demands" for the protection of "Americanism." Here in Washington, mustered into claques, they plant themselves to cheer Congressmen as they make "home consumption" and "patriotic" speeches, wherein the communist and the foreigner are deported forthwith out of the country, with jobs and a return of prosperity for all good Americans thereby guaranteed.

There is another class of tom-tom beater, and that is the group interested strictly from a business viewpoint. I mean the shipbuilders and munitions interests, money patriots and agitators, and the real minds which control such organizations as the United States Chamber of Commerce. These men do not care personally about the right of freedom of speech or press, because they hardly expect it to be restricted for them and because of their economic power. Conversely they are not interested in the right of freedom of speech for those who lack the economic power. They have not sense enough to realize that the government may change and may take liberty from them.

There are also the army and navy groups and the men who have been on the payroll of the government since they were seventeen or eighteen years old, professional "patriots" and professional guests of the government, who know very little besides their narrow military or naval life and practically nothing about the general welfare of the American people. Also, I may add, less than nothing about political democracy.

Composite Picture of an Idiot

All told, the picture is far from pretty. It is a composite portrait of mixed motives — of honesty misled, of low shrewdness, stupidity, vanity, ignorance, broken nerves, fear, cruelty, and credulity — and this can be seen in the full face, as well as in the twitching eyes. All we can do about it is to give that ugly face a punch and change the expression — or knock it out for all time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are the Comics Moral?

by **JOHN K. RYAN**

Sadism, cannibalism, bestiality. Crude eroticism. Torturing, killing, kidnaping. Monsters, madmen, creatures half-brute, half-human. Raw melodrama; tales of crimes and criminals; extravagant exploits in strange lands and on other planets; pirate stories; wild, hair-raising adventures of boy heroes and girl heroines; thrilling accounts in word and picture of jungle beasts and men; marvelous deeds of magic and pseudoscience. Vulgarity, cheap humor, and cheaper wit. Sentimental stories designed for the general level of a moronic mind. Ugliness of thought and expression. All these, day after day, week after week, have become the mental food of American children, young and old.

With such things are the comic strips that take up page upon page in the average American newspaper filled. Repeated and drilled into their readers countless times by vivid pictures and simple words, the crude, trivial, debased, and debasing features of the comic strips are more than a sign of the prevailing infantilism of the American mind. They are at once an effect and a powerful contributing cause of that infantilism. The number and character of the comic strips at the present time are a cultural phenomenon and pschological portent of the most serious kind.

The change that has come over the comic section in recent years is an episode in journalism that most Americans have watched with interest. Perhaps the interest has been in many cases unconscious, but it has been extremely real. The fact that the comic section has reached its present size and power is ample proof of the tremendous interest it holds for American readers of all ages and classes. The power of a popular strip over circulation is notorious. For a paper to lose its best strips means disaster, almost ruin. The Supreme Court itself had to decide which Washington paper was to have exclusive rights to the deeds of Andy Gump, Dick Tracy, and their friends.

Starting in most cases with a single comic strip — *The Katzenjammer Kids*, *Buster Brown*, *The Van Loons*, or the like — the typical large city paper has added first one and then another. Today it is difficult to find an important paper (there are a few notable exceptions) without at least one full page of comics on weekdays. Other strips will be spotted at strategic points in the news and advertising sections.

Sunday, of course, is the field day for the artists of the comic world. The colored supplements vary in size in competing papers, but growth in size is the rule. For a time Hearst's *Comic Weekly* reached a peak of fifty comics in thirty-two tabloid pages. However, readers of the comic section evidently like both print and pictures large, clear, and untaxing; so the *Comic Weekly* has been restored to the standard size.

This growth in size and importance of the comic section has brought startling changes in the subjects and nature of the strips themselves. Today the term "comic section" and the older term "funny pictures" are misnomers, for the newspapers are now showing strips that make no pretense of wit or humor. Along with funny pictures of the traditional type, the comic section now shows pictured stories that have all the worst features of the lowest type of fiction and some features peculiar to itself.

Our Popular Literature

Is a continuous diet of lurid melodrama, told by pictures of brutal men doing brutal deeds, good for children or for adults who are mentally immature and emotionally unstable? There are comic strips that now provide such a diet, day after day, to avid thousands. *Secret Agent X-9*, *Red Barry*, *Dick Tracy*, *Dan Dunn*, *Radio Patrol*, *Inspector Wade* — this last written, seemingly, from the grave by Edgar

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wallace — represent the detective-criminal strip so popular at present.

What they offer can be illustrated by one Sunday's installment of the adventures of Dick Tracy. Dick and his young assistant, Junior, are caught in a net lined with fish-hooks. The repulsive hunchbacked villain who has caught them in this trap tells the detective and the boy that if they move they will be torn to shreds. A vicious dog is then brought on the scene, and the hunchback says that he is going to infect the dog with a serum that "produces instant rabies." Then the hunchback will release the dog and watch the fun. But the dog gets out of control, seizes the hunchback by the throat, and kills him. In crude but vivid pictures the dog is shown tearing at the hunchback's throat while Junior and Tracy look on in horror.

It was for the right to publish such pictures that the Hearst papers fought a losing battle with the Washington *Post*. The momentous issue, who would purvey these scenes to the people of the District of Columbia, was finally decided by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Crimes, killings, torturings, not all so horrible or pictured so vividly as the death of Doc Hump, are essential ingredients in the criminal-detective strips. It is true that virtue is invariably triumphant, that the law is vindicated, that the police are the heroes and the criminals the villains. But the evil effects of prolonged and repeated brutalities are not wiped out by a final and rather hurried triumph of law and virtue. In fact, this triumph itself may take the form of more death and carnage, of more crude scenes.

This brutal and brutalizing element is found in other strips besides those dealing with criminals. Pictured stories of wild, extravagant adventure (like Alex Raymond's *Flash Gordon; Brick Bradford* and *The Time Top*, by William Ritter and Clarence Gray; Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Tarzan* pictures; Lee Falk's *Mandrake the Magician*) are guilty of like things. Nor is one of the most popular of all features, *Little Orphan Annie*, without its quota of crimes, criminals, and deeds of death.

Quaint Folkways

In some of the most popular features this emphasis upon brutality in one form or another is so pronounced and consistent that it cannot be dismissed as a chance or isolated phenomenon. The emphasis upon cruelty, human torture, horrible forms of death, human sacrifice, and cannibalism is too explicit not to be known

for what it is. Moreover, in some of the strips the sadistic element is linked with a species of exhibitionism. The characters of both sexes, but especially the males, are almost entirely nude. It is significant that in some of the pictures these sex elements, sadism and exhibitionism, are kept so closely connected and used so consistently.

Both may be illustrated from currently popular features. In *Flash Gordon*, a recent episode has Flash, Dale, his fiancée, and their friend Khan held captives by Azura, the "witch queen." Flash, who is intriguingly described as a Yale graduate in search of his kingdom, is powerfully built and is usually attired in a striking costume of trunks and helmet. In the case of the women who appear in the picture, the most elaborate sort of near nudity is the rule. Thus Azura, the seductive and vindictive witch queen, makes her initial appearance clad in a little cape and minute girdle. In one installment Azura's head cook, a woman clothed only in shoes, loincloth, and breast covering, is about to scourge Dale with an "electric whip," when she is stopped by Khan, whose tremendous brown frame is clad in a loincloth. Later, a "guard woman" is shown standing over Dale, cutting viciously with her whip. Later still, in the last vivid picture for that particular Sunday, the almost naked Dale is chained to a wall while the guard woman scourges her and the witch queen watches the torture.

In another episode, Flash Gordon has been captured by horrible "lizard men." Dragged before their obscene Grand Dragon, Flash is ordered thrown upon a flaming griddle, to be cooked for their cannibalistic feast. Flash, of course, has other ideas and is not done yet. Suddenly he leaps into action, mows down the cannibals with his "signal gun," but loses the gun just as the Grand Dragon charges upon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him with a huge fork. Flash then "hurls the screaming man-beast onto his own gridiron." When Azura, the witch queen, is captured by "death dwarfs" and is being forced into a fiery volcano, Flash seizes their "howling king" and throws him into the "boiling inferno." It must be noted that these pictures are elaborately drawn and colored — far more so than is the ordinary comic strip — with the consequence that in them the sadism and exhibitionism are particularly vivid.

An almost identical technique is used in the strip which relates the adventures of Brick Bradford. Wild, impossible adventures in strange lands and among strange people; nudism and exhibitionism; horrible forms of death are the familiar and seemingly successful formula followed in this feature.

Another strip, *Jungle Jim*, by Alex Raymond, creator of *Flash Gordon* and *Secret Agent X-9*, has its scenes laid in Africa. Currently Jungle Jim has as opponent in his adventures Cho Fang, an unscrupulous Chinese. Cho Fang has captured Jim's friend, Fah See, also Chinese, and is torturing him. Naked, except for the irreducible minimum of the loincloth, Fah See is being stretched upon the rack. When he refuses to give information, he is tortured until he faints. Cho Fang then orders that he be thrown into the pit, where the rats will finish him.

Mandrake the Magician is a new feature in which the hero, Mandrake, has a rather unfair advantage over his nefarious enemies. Mandrake, slim and elegant in evening clothes, can bewilder and foil his opponents by his magic powers. Accompanied and aided by Lothar, his servant — huge, black, and half naked — Mandrake has recently been contending with

Sorcin, another example of the familiar dangerous and evil-minded "scientist." Like Frankenstein, Sorcin has made a huge, misshapen, half-human creature called Klage. Murderous struggles, a battle between Lothar and a giant serpent, the abduction of a young woman from the side of her fiancé by the monstrous Klage are some of the incidents in this mélange of horror and magic.

The Kiddies Love Tarzan

For a still more elaborate and consistent use of some of the things that have just been mentioned, Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Tarzan of the Apes* strip is outstanding. Popular for over twenty years in books and movies, Tarzan's adventures among men and beasts in strange places are now extending their popularity in a syndicated feature made up of pictures and running commentary. A single episode in the life of Tarzan usually lasts about six months, appearing six days a week. On Sundays, in the colored supplement, Tarzan is engaged in further adventures. In his exploits sadism, exhibitionism, savagery, and animalism are skillfully used, along with the familiar characters and situations of melodrama — villains and villainesses, heroes and heroines, plots and counterplots, and the rest.

In one of the episodes in Tarzan's career as a hero of the comic strips, a Hollywood movie company making a picture in Africa is attacked by savages, with plenty of attendant slaughter. Two American girls in the company are captured by Arabs, who are in turn attacked by huge gorillas. The gorillas are shown overpowering the Arabs and finishing them off by sinking their "great fangs into the throats of their adversaries." The sex interest of this fable had been kept somewhat in reserve while the girls were in the movie company and among the Arabs, but now that they are in the hands of gorillas it is given a larger and more hideous place. These are gorillas with a difference. They speak Elizabethan English, are called by such quaint names as Henry VIII, Wolsey, and Buckingham. They are, in fact, the results of the experiments of a mad English scientist whom they call The Maker.

The full flavor of the crude mixture of bestiality and sadism that constitutes the bulk of this story can be given only by a résumé of a few of its incidents. Henry VIII is king of the gorillas, and the girl is brought before him in his throne room.

> The repulsive beast leered at her.
> "This wench pleases me," he said. "I'll keep her."

Whereupon the wench is put into the gorilla

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

king's harem, where she found "six big shes," Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Katherine Howard, and Katherine Parr. "They sneered at Rhonda . . . and every moment she expected the approach of the gorilla king to claim her as his newest wife!"

However, Rhonda Terry was not destined for Henry VIII. None other than The Maker himself sent for her the same afternoon, as her double, Naomi Madison, was being captured by the gorillas.

> The Arabs had seemed bad enough, but this repulsive brute! She wondered when and how he would kill her. But the gorilla had no intention of killing a creature so pleasant to look upon and so valuable to his rulers.

Buckingham, the gorilla who had captured Naomi, thought that she was Rhonda and that she had escaped from The Maker. Then he learned that this was another white girl:

> Buckingham turned toward Naomi Madison as a new idea took form in his mind. For a full minute he contemplated the trembling girl's intriguing figure and beautiful face. Then he said menacingly: "If you are not she, The Maker has the other — and I can have you!"

Whereupon Buckingham proceeds to carry the girl away to a hiding place:

> She was weak. She staggered and fell. Buckingham jerked her up roughly. Soon she fell again. The enraged beast kicked her brutally, then seized her by the hair and dragged her, muttering strange medieval oaths.

Besides these charming references to the uses to which the gorillas wished to put the girls, this particular episode in Tarzan's life has more than a sufficiency of other abhorrent and nauseating scenes. There are fights to the death in which Tarzan does his share of clawing and biting. The repulsive Maker announces that he will put one of the two girls to his uses in raising higher types of gorillas and will end by eating her:

> The monster backed away toward the far door of the chamber, chuckling to himself, "I leave you now to meditate upon the great service you are to render to science. But I shall eat you — eat you both. The man first. Then, girl, I shall eat you!"

Why human sacrifice was omitted from this story is hard to see. In the long orgy of killing that makes it up, there was great restraint on Edgar Rice Burroughs' part to keep the gorillas from offering up at least one human victim to what would be called their "awful god."

When Will We Grow Up?

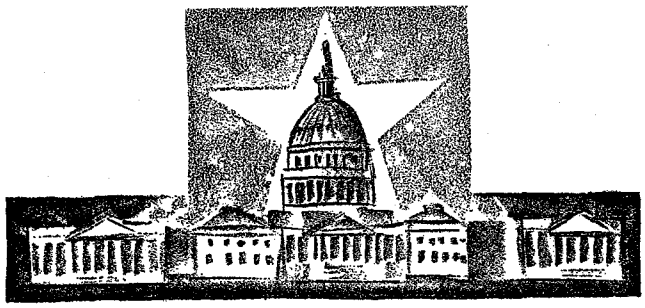
In such preposterous tales as this the vicious elements are made more vivid by the pictures than would ever be possible by words alone. The repulsive brutes that figure in these pictures; their repellent activities; the horrible practices that are hinted at, described, or threatened; the emphasis upon madness, degeneracy, cruelty, and lust all unite to produce something that can for the most part bear only the word *obscene*. This ugly element cannot be justified as being realistic; it has no connection with life and reality. Its exhibitionism and cheap emphasis on sex are utterly without aesthetic defense. Its horror motifs and vulgar melodramatics are completely devoid of literary value. There is nothing substantial that can be urged in its favor.

These vicious features are found for the most part in the melodramatic strips such as those described. Most of the scores of comic features that are being published in American newspapers are in themselves harmless enough. Some of them consistently maintain a fairly high plane of genuine humor and human interest. In some, like *Moon Mullins*, there is a strain of what may be called a sort of wholesome and robust vulgarity. Others tell stories that are harmless enough and often develop characters and situations that justify their existence. But the multiplication of such features and their steady consumption by an immense public can hardly be considered encouraging. Not degraded or degrading in themselves, they are yet a sign and a cause of intellectual and cultural infantilism in America.

The repetition in word and picture of sadism, bestial and degenerate scenes and characters is a more serious matter. Such things make their deep impression upon the plastic minds of growing children and have their dangers for the never-to-mature minds of countless adults. The effects of the worst type of comic strip upon immature minds should prove an enlightening study to educators and psychologists. The prevention and correction of such effects are a task for an aroused public conscience.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Civil Service "Spoiled"



by **LUTHER C. STEWARD**

During the past three years the Federal civil-service system has faced a continuing and an increasingly severe crisis.

At present more than fifty new agencies of the federal government are functioning. In a majority of instances the acts setting up these agencies state specifically that employees may be enrolled "without regard to civil-service laws and regulations." It is noteworthy that the new agencies forced by law to choose their employees on a competitive basis have small staffs. The agencies employing thousands of employees invariably are in the exempted category.

Consequently, tens of thousands of positions have been made available to unrestricted job dispensers.

There has arisen in Washington an amazingly complex and thorough system of political "clearance" through which the prospective federal employee must go in order to qualify for a position outside the civil-service system.

The "clearance" stems back to the district leader, rises progressively through the ranks up to representative and senator, and does not fail to include a stopover at the national committee. Needless to say, this "clearance" primarily takes into consideration not the job seeker's ability but his political loyalty.

But that by no means tells the whole story of the undermining of the civil-service system. The spoilsmen, apparently insatiable in their appetite for more and more jobs to fling to their supporters, have covertly and openly attacked the older departments and independent establishments. Civil-service positions have been abolished; restorations have been made proverbially "without regard to civil service laws and regulations." A long list of executive orders has been issued to the same effect.

These facts now are common knowledge in Washington, and have never been denied categorically in any quarter.

Equally as dangerous as the actual wholesale distribution of federal positions on a patronage basis is the demoralizing atmosphere which has arisen from the present circumstances. Inevitably, the attitude of cynicism and indifference with respect to the civil service as a whole has had its deleterious effect throughout the service, especially among administrators who are not in sympathy with the merit system. The whole structure has been severely shaken, and it will take years to repair the damage.

One bright ray of hope shines through the encircling gloom.

That is the rising tide of public resentment against the brazen spoils tactics which have been so widely substituted for sound, economical, efficient, and just personnel policies.

A sustained campaign of public education carried on by the National Federation of Federal Employees has received the most encouraging editorial backing of newspapers and periodicals throughout the United States. The newspaper support has been especially gratifying and significant, because journals of every shade of political opinion in all sections of the country have agreed upon the need for immediate remedial action.

Further evidence of an awakening public sentiment on this issue is to be found in the fact that numerous civic organizations have taken up the question actively. The National League of Women Voters, for example, has placed it first upon its program.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

ATTEMPTS to justify the exemption of federal positions from civil-service rules have been numerous during recent years.

It has been said, for example, that the necessity for haste in staffing the new agencies and the lack of available names upon the registers of the U. S. Civil Service Commission made exemption imperative.

This excuse is feeble indeed. It would have been possible in 1933 and it is possible now for the Civil Service Commission to give examinations throughout the country and recruit competent workers quickly and with due regard for the merit principle. Indeed, the staffing by this method could have been accomplished more quickly and effectively than through the indefensibly inefficient methods employed by administrators who, in most instances, knew little, if anything, of the principles of personnel administration.

Also, it has been said that by leaving selection open to administrators the government has been able to secure the services of experts who otherwise might not be readily available because of civil-service "red tape."

Patently weak is this attempted defense of an unsound practice — especially in view of the thousands of qualified experts who are serving the federal government within the civil service — it is worth noting because it brings to light an important phase of the whole problem.

In speaking of spoilsmen the public generally conjures a picture of a horny-handed "practical" politician or of a patronage-seeking member of Congress or of a line-laying committee chairman. All of these types belong in the picture, but there is another.

He is the "talented outsider," whether academician, college president or professor, banker, butcher, or candlestick maker, who has been drafted to help the nation in its onward march. In the train of the selection of such an individual to a key post one usually finds a host of genteel spoils appointments. Unembarrassed by civil-service laws and regulations, such an administrator, delighting in his newly discovered influence, soon woos to his side numerous professional and business colleagues whose fitness for the job in hand certainly has not been tested and frequently proves to be nonexistent. The effect upon the merit principle of this type of spoilsmanship is quite as bad as spoilsmanship of the out-and-out political stripe, and its good intention does not lessen the cost to the taxpayer of pyramiding waste and inefficiency.

It is unfair to lay the whole blame for the breakdown of the civil service upon the present administration. The current spoils leaders sometimes say, in self-defense, that they are doing nothing that other administrations have not done. And they are quite right. The only difference, for the most part, is one of degree.

It ill becomes either of the two major political parties to make a parade of its righteous indignation over the evil days upon which the civil service has fallen. Both political parties are guilty of being long on lip service and short on performance in civil-service reform.

III

THE FIRST STEPS toward civil-service reform, taken more than fifty years ago, were forced by public opinion. Every advance has been accomplished only after strenuous effort and following an outburst of popular disapproval of continued spoils abuses.

Off the record, most politicians will agree that patronage is a disastrous boomerang. It is only the neophyte in public office who regards patronage as a highly desirable asset. The veteran member of the House or Senate, for example, knows by long experience that for every appointment he can secure for a man or woman in his district he makes a dozen or a hundred or a thousand enemies among those who did not get the job.

Nevertheless the spoils idea and philosophy die hard. So tenaciously do they cling to life that their death now can be brought about only by a public which is fed up with the waste, inefficiency, and general demoralization resultant upon a system in which merit is not the prime consideration.

If earlier administrations had not temporized, if there had been a personnel structure here resembling that, for example, of certain European countries, no such wholesale wallowing in spoils as we now are witnessing could have been possible.

This, of course, is the fundamental weakness. The present administration deserves every bit of the severe castigation it has been receiving for the inroads it has permitted upon the civil

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

service, but the issue goes far deeper than a single individual or group of individuals.

The spoils system is a national disease. Its germs are ever present in the body politic. Sometimes they are latent; sometimes, as at present, they cause a raging fever. But the danger is constant.

That the spoils system, unchecked, can bring about the destruction of democratic institutions was the considered opinion of Abraham Lincoln, as well as many others who have had intimate contact with the great problem of public personnel administration. The seeds of ruin lie in widespread acceptance of the doctrine that the public service is a reward for party allegiance rather than an instrumentality of needed service to the whole people.

Because the spoils virus has been so deeply imbedded in the American public-personnel system, the people generally have been suspicious of public service and all its works.

Those who for years have been striving to build up a sound and solid competitive classified service, in which merit is the sole yardstick for the winning and holding of place, always have been confronted with an attitude, often deliberately fostered by selfish interests, that the public service represents a costly and unproductive burden, the chief purpose of which is to provide sinecures for "deserving" partisans.

Unfortunately, color is lent this dangerous and fallacious view by such federal personnel tactics as those of the past three years, which have magnified grotesquely every unsavory facet of spoils policies.

It is especially regrettable that agencies charged with the vastly important task of lifting the nation out of the slough of depression — a task which would seem to require the enlistment of the most highly trained and qualified staffs — have become mammoth instrumentalities for the perpetuation of a dangerous and discredited personnel "method."

Every inroad into the civil service places a new weapon in the hands of those who, for selfish reasons, would like to see the emasculation of all federal departments and bureaus, regardless of service rendered. Here it should be noted that not all of those decrying the current burgeoning of the spoils system are unqualified friends of the classified service. A frank view of the situation indicates that some are using it as a convenient springboard for an attack upon the federal service as a whole.

Thus, vital services, developed over a long period of years and in response to a definite national need, are being jeopardized. For when the public finally demands a house cleaning it is almost certain that much that is good will be swept away. At such times discrimination is sadly lacking.

IV

WITHOUT attempting to consider the worth of any federal agency, new or old, it may be stated unequivocally that the public interest demands the use of the merit system in the employment of personnel.

Party allegiance should not be given consideration. Entrance should be on the basis of competitive examination. Once accepted, continuance in the service should be dependent upon the maintenance of a reasonable standard of efficiency.

These are basic principles over which, it would seem, none can quibble. Indeed, all recent presidents of the United States have been outspoken in their support of them. Yet the spoils system remains with us. And no administration has given more pious lip service to the merit principle than the present one. The difference, however, between lip service and performance is too painfully evident to require further laboring.

During the present session of Congress, further efforts have been made to bring about the strengthening and extension of the merit system.

Whenever the public becomes sufficiently concerned over the issue to make its wishes known in definite and unmistakable terms, there is basis for the hope that some legislation will be adopted.

But even the passage of such legislation will not solve this pressing national problem.

It must be borne in mind that the upbuilding of a forthright civil-service system is not alone a matter of legislation. It is an administrative problem, too. No legislation can be drawn so tightly that it will not permit chiseling by administrators who are spoilsmen at heart. Furthermore, if a greater number of highly placed officials were genuine and vigorous supporters of the merit system, some of the extremes reached in this crisis could have been avoided.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unfortunately, we are now faced with a situation wherein the civil service has suffered on its two main fronts: namely, a large volume of exemptive legislation and either apathy or downright antagonism toward the merit system by a large number of administrators.

A genuine solution demands an entirely new attitude toward the public service by all concerned — and certainly by the public which pays for its upkeep. The taxpayers themselves cannot escape some measure of blame for permitting the flowering of a system which brings so much waste and inefficiency in its train.

Undoubtedly there will be a swing in the other direction as the public grows more and more articulate in expressing its revulsion at the spectacle. Then there will be some fulfillment — but always with important reservations — of oft-reiterated and glowing promises. There will be gestures in the right direction, but the gestures will be qualified.

But an aroused public can accelerate the rate of progress and can refuse to be deceived by gestures, whether legislative or administrative, which in reality tend to frustrate the civil-service-reform movement.

Where I Should Like to Live

by **FANNIE HURST**

I LIVE in a city.

I live in the largest city in the world.

I like living in a city. I like living in the largest city in the world.

In an age of reaction against urban life, I am not ashamed to like living in the largest city in the world. I like the clack of the feet of the millions, including my own, on asphalt. There is a perpetual excitement in propinquity to millions. To me, the miracle of human nature is no less than the miracle of nature.

If I permitted it, doubtless the city would crack my bones and eat me. It has done neither. True — it crouches outside my door; its dim roar is in my ears; its hot breath is sometimes on my neck; but I have succeeded in cracking my own whip.

Seven or eight hours out of the day I spend in the heart of a city, yet in a world as privately my own as if I were entrenched on a mountain-top. More so perhaps, because no passerby can get at me, and all about me mechanical devices are at work to ensure and preserve my privacy.

After my work day is over, the adventure of living in the biggest city in the world, surrounded by the incredible panorama of seven million human beings engaged in the occupation of seven million existences begins. And for me it begins with a vengeance.

Living in the city does not tire me, does not bore me, does not lick me. On the other hand, it excites, vitalizes and enchants.

I like living in the city.

I think there will never come a time when I will not want to live, at least half of each year, in the city. And yet withal, the Ultimate Home is not in this environment which I find more congenial to me than any other in which I have tried to live over a long period of time.

The Ultimate Home is where I am not; but, once I am there, it ceases to be the Ultimate Home.

The Ultimate Home which lies in the State of my mind varies from year to year, and, I might say, from mood to mood.

My choice of highly habitable places of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

physical geography seems to depend to no small extent upon the condition of my mental body. That is, just as my physical condition is the result of the kinds of food I eat, the climate in which I dwell, so are my reactions to various parts of the world the result of what I have been reading, what I have been thinking, where I have been going, what I have been doing, and what I have not been digesting.

Elusive Isolation

When I was a senior in college and much of my mental makeup was the result of curricula which included Latin, the Holy Roman Empire, Vergil, the history of the Popes, and Italy first dawned upon me during an eight-week Cook's tour which my father presented to me between my sophomore and final years at the university. It seemed to me as I gazed for the first time upon the Seven Hills and the faded glories that had once been Rome that here, one hundred and fifteen miles from Naples, let me die.

Again it has seemed to me that an insulated village in the South of France would be the ideal Ultimate. But remains there an insulated village in the South of France that can still claim immunity to the gilded propinquity of the Riviera, with its pampered darlings of two continents toasting their naked backs?

To one to whom the professional playground is anathema, the nearness of a Riviera would permeate and dissolve any simplicity, anywhere. It would penetrate something like the odor of Sunday. Call it Monday or Tuesday or what you will; go about your workaday pretending it is not the Sabbath; find yourself in the mid-Pacific or on the trackless desert; and somehow, some way, pretense to the contrary notwithstanding, Sunday will get you if you don't watch out — or if you do watch out.

That is what the Riviera does to most of the South of France. Gets it!

One day you will be walking along the dreaming streets of your remote village, shopping the day's supply, sou by sou, of the ingredients for your *petite marmite*, and zoom! through the somnolent street shoots that Hispano-Suiza, filled with pampered sophisticates contaminating simplicity by their wooing of it.

Then for years I carried about with me a perpetual nostalgia for the perfection of a small village called Ravella which perches at the top of Amalfi Drive, over the Gulf of Salerno.

To yearn to live in Ravella is the sweetest nostalgia in the world. Actually to live there is a damp, mosquito-ridden reality. I know. I have tried it.

Then in the various processes of cerebration and emotion concerning the Ultimate Dwelling Place, it occurred to me that we most readily like that to which we are most accustomed and that what I really wanted, in order to ease nostalgia for the Ultimate Dwelling Place, was to take down my back hair and indulge in the happy atavism of going native.

I decided that a retreat into the small, homely, but homelike Ohio town where I was born, in a house similar to the pretty frame packing case of my grandparents, in which I first beheld light of day, would be the happy atavism.

I returned to the small Ohio farm. No, the town pump had not shrunk. It was practically the same somnolent community I remembered. Pretty, frame, pseudocolonial packing cases, built along the lines of my ancestral manse, were still to be had, and the creek in which I used to crayfish cut, as of old, through the edge of the town, swimming hole and all. Everything jelled except me. The old town simply did not contain my Dwelling Place of Light.

Next, one of my most dangerous exposures to the Ultimate Home occurred in New England. Driving through its eloquent countryside, something in me stirred, lifted its head and sang, "Hallelujah!" as landscapes and seascapes tingled my consciousness of being American and liking to be American and liking to like being American.

Here in these New England rocks were the bone and the sinew and the beginning of my country.

Here in these Cape Cod houses, in these austere colonial ones with their Greek hangover, were stuff of my stuff.

I wanted a New England house surrounded by New England trees growing on New England soil to the smell of New England air.

I liked myself for liking New England. There flowed through me the benign impulse to want to understand the thin-necked Yankees with their Adam's apples and impersonal eyes. I wanted to feel sympathetic with their aversion to new ideas and foreigners. I wanted to sit around their country stores and stoves and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not feel myself grow rigid with the sense of their mental rigidity and emotional insulation and inhospitality to new ideas and ideals. I wanted not to mind their prejudices and their inhibitions.

New England, said I, rural, significant, beautiful, historic, packed with the meaning of America, for better or worse!

I haven't yet succumbed to the impulse to go New England. The nostalgia for it is over me as I write, and yet something is missing. I wander over its countryside, shopping about for houses that seem to exist chiefly in the acreage of my mind, because actually, as one comes across them, so many seem grim and hung with evidences of the mental rigidity of those who have lived and died in them; and to reconstruct is to set in motion all of the paraphernalia of the urbanite going rural, and this urbanite doesn't want to go rural that way.

Heartaches and Superficialities

I cannot dwell upon my search for the Ultimate without pausing for a moment at one of its high spots.

One day, lunching with the President of the United States at his Hyde Park manor house, the old nostalgia, prompted doubtless by the lovely, lived-in atmosphere of my surroundings, began to overtake me. I confided to the President my quest for the Ultimate House.

That afternoon he took me house hunting. With quick and intuitive understanding of my modest desires, he drove me through beautiful and unfrequented roads of Dutchess County. Finally we encountered one rare old farmhouse that so closely approached the Ultimate that it was nothing short of frightening. A comely woman in a blue-checked house dress, however, promptly informed the President of the United States that it was not for sale. As a commentary upon the President, rather than upon farmhouses, it is interesting to note that every so often he actually finds time to inform me that he hears that this or that farmhouse, which may be to my liking, is for sale.

Subsequently the lush of the South Pacific lured me, but not for long. I like to nap, but not after the manner of sleeping sickness.

Southern California — hard, bright, blue-and-gold, blazing with climate and guiltless of weather, its almost indecent effulgence of foliage torn out of the desert by man force—is something to prefer chiefly on picture postcards.

No countryside that is not rich in the miracle of trees, like New England or Dutchess County, can lure me. This mercifully eliminates, so far as house hunting is concerned, the high, the dry, and the desert countries.

There is a heartache that has to do with a village in Normandy called Le Petit Andeley. The Loire, when it reaches the banks of Le Petit Andeley, becomes as bucolic as a mountain stream.

The women of Normandy gather in the market place at six o'clock in the morning, and the dewy smell of their garden truck teases you awake.

There are actually chimes in this part of Normandy and sunsets over their spires. Le Petit Andeley is a garden spot at the end of a rainbow. Also, it is filled with remittance men and their wives, paranoiacs who seem to like to go the limit on the banks of the Loire, and arty artists who, at least when the franc was cheap, filled the crooked streets with the wrong kinds of color and the wrong kinds of smocks.

Now, theoretically, Connecticut is one of the most appealing "home" States. Its stone hedges, its beautiful fanlights, the pleasant tendencies of its roads to meander, its noble trees, its lay of land, make it a State in a thousand, or rather in forty-eight.

But I wonder if you know, oh yes, my dear, that the Flewylln Jones have bought a perfect duck of a farmhouse, one hundred and twenty-three years old, fifty acres of land, darling stone hedges and yes, my dear, a well with an old oaken bucket, for practically nothing. And Oswald Pratt is going to do it over for them into one of those divinely long studio living rooms with a bar at one end and five master bedrooms and five baths on the second floor.

And do you know, my dear, that the Eddie Browns have bought up a lamb of a farmhouse, just across from the Art Colony outside of Danbury, and are going to open a Ye Tea Shoppe?

So much for Connecticut.

Dreams and Horizons

Meanwhile, while these fissures, canals, and Mussel Shoals are being dredged into my brain, the Ultimate House stands on the plains of my imagination.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is far from the unrest and depressive influences of oceans. Paradoxically, these plains of my imagination abound in trees, running rivers, and clear streams that make mocking noises over pebbles you can see and wade over.

On the plains of my imagination it is green as Ohio, gentle after that same fashion, and on hot days it smells of plushy dust, fertilizer, and the lingering scents given off by cattle and morning clover.

When it rains in the State of my mind, the greens turn the color of plums, and in winter pointed roofs peek out of snow that lies as passive as a lady's ermine coverlet on her chaise longue.

Cocks crow in the State of my mind, and cattle low or whatever it is cattle do to make the earth seem a good place to share with cattle.

There are no pampered, sophisticated people in the State of my mind. No cocksure, too successful ones. There, simple people live graciously. They do not change for dinner. They use season-before-last's-Buick, and their children get rebuked, not psychoanalyzed.

In the home of the State of my mind, butter is placed on the table in a covered dish, preferably in the shape of a setting hen, on cold nights the parlor is the temperature of a mausoleum, and the kitchen range the center of family and social life.

In the State of my mind, it is not all summer, but about six months are packed with its hot smells; its afternoons with leisure for reading and roaming; each night a tent of stars that tucks in the four corners of the earth.

In the State of my mind, people know little about buying slacks and cruise outfits for points tropical. Mittens and long underwear indicate their change of the sartorial season.

And the house!

There it stands in the plains of my imagination. It is a beautiful house, long, low, as mundane to the earth as a gentle hill; a house that has been built onto, room by room; it is innocent of a studio, guiltless of one single black-and-chromium bathroom. It has a cistern. You pump this cistern in a roomy kitchen. It squeaks.

The trees around this house are oak. They are mightier than the giants of a childish imagination. They are handsomer than a king's guard.

There is a smell to the inside of this house. It is a curious, indefinable smell of a farmhouse. The rooms have uneven, wideboard floors, slightly wavy walls — and are also a little chilly, especially in summer.

There are spinets and four-poster beds, highboys, rag rugs, oval daguerreotypes, amateurish bathrooms, beautiful mahogany bannisters, pressed glass, smoked fireplaces, feather beds, cream separators, oil lamps, slop jars, horsehair sofas, and attics in this house.

It has a cellar which you enter by way of slanting doors from the outside. It contains crocks of dill pickles covered with grape leaves, rows of fruit jams contributed by the orchard and the meadow with a rustic bridge across it; and you can sit on the edge of this stream under an oak tree with a book on your knee, the song of cold, clear water flowing over gleaming pebbles in your heart.

There is a distant horizon to this house which includes more flowing meadows, a pointed farm roof or two, haystacks dotted here and there, and the bucolic trance of groups of cattle browsing and drowsing under oak trees.

In winter when the wood smoke winds from the roof of my Ultimate House, its trees surround it in black majesty, and the countryside flows to the horizon, either under a blanket of snow or showing its fine, rugged bones.

In all the four seasons, mine is a house in which to read beside a roaring fire, dream beside a mullioned window, and live deeply, sweetly, and rightly.

The address of my Ultimate Dwelling is still the State of my mind, United States of America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under the Bandstand

A Short Story

***by* PETER FLEMING**

THE FLAUTIST was killed shortly after noon. It was evident that a machine gun had been mounted on the barricade in the mouth of the Calle Americano. The bullets ripped a seam of little holes in the substructure of the bandstand. The three other people who were hiding underneath it were lucky to escape.

The flautist, who in the last two hours had shown himself to be a diffident, ineffectual little man, died with an abruptness amounting to gaucherie. At one moment he was crawling toward Mr. Singlet on his hands and knees (there was not room to stand up); at the next, he was flattened in the dust, looking limper and more apologetic than ever. He lay there so still, so meticulously inert that Mr. Singlet was reminded of his own efforts, as a child, to counterfeit sleep. The blood welled up in a little hole under the dark-gray hair and, sliding down the skull, began to collect in a sheet of silver paper which had fallen down between the boards of the bandstand. It looked black in the half-light.

After one hasty glance, Mr. Singlet buried his face in his arms again and lay still, wincing, until the firing died away. When it stopped, he raised his head and peered dubiously at the other two survivors. He supposed he was relieved to see that they were still alive.

They were a man and a girl. Like him, they were lying on their stomachs close up against the wooden partition which hid the iron supports of the bandstand from the public gaze. For no adequate reason but from instinct, all three lay on the side farthest from the Calle Americano. The bandstand was in the exact center of the square, so they were just as likely to be hit by the President's men as by the insurgents, especially as their four-foot-high bulwark was nowhere bulletproof for more than six inches at a time. Still, it was a great thing to be as far from the enemy as possible.

Mr. Singlet went on lying still and thought things over. This he found rather difficult, because, being so near to death, his mind, like the dialogue in the last scene of an old-fashioned play, had a disconcerting way of zigzagging unexpectedly back into the past. (Perhaps it's only natural, he reflected; I suppose one's personal thoughts need some stamping ground outside the present. But I must say I wish I were religious. He was rather horrified to find that he was not thinking at all about the future.) The more he thought things over, the more clearly did he realize that the flautist's death had altered them a good deal; for him, at any rate.

For the last two hours he had unconsciously been regarding the flautist as the person responsible for whatever of good or ill might come out of their present situation. It had been the flautist who, in the general panic after the first volley from the Calle Americano, had led his three chance neighbors into cover through an unsuspected hatch in the substructure of the bandstand. If it had not been for the flautist, they might all have been lying out there in the sun, with those other quiet, black figures which Mr. Singlet could see, incongruously sprawling in their Sunday clothes, by putting his eye to any chink.

On the other hand, if it had not been for the flautist, they might all (by all, Mr. Singlet meant at any rate himself) by now be safe, watching as best they could the progress of the revolution from rooftops in the higher suburbs. The crowd had not been more than decimated. The first volley had gone intentionally high; only when people began to run had the Mexican temperament asserted itself. . . .

In short, but for the flautist they would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

none of them have been there. And now the flautist was dead.

II

MR. SINGLET frowned, wiping his pince-nez nervously on the sleeve of his drill suit (his handkerchief was soaked with sweat). He was a conscientious man. Nature had never intended him to exert control over anyone; but nature had at the same time given him the intellectual equipment of a scholar. So Mr. Singlet, becoming almost automatically a don in a provincial university, had spent nearly twenty years doubting his fitness to exercise a discipline which was the harder to administer for being so elastically defined. It had worried him more than he knew, this constant haggling with his sense of duty over the due proportions of velvet glove and mailed fist; and his manner, judging by the attitude of the young men he taught, never seemed to hit off an entirely happy blending of the two.

Now, in this horribly unpleasant situation, he felt once more the old irksome burden of half-formulated responsibilities. You ought to be doing something about this, a voice at the back of his mind told him: you're in charge here.

Mr. Singlet knew perfectly well that there was nothing to be done and that in that trapped community of three all were equally helpless. Yet, as he looked at the other two, his instincts charged him with the neglect of some unspecified duty. He could not help reminding himself that he was an Englishman and very well educated, whereas they were neither. So he had a vague sense that, being, on the face of it, better equipped than they were to face life, he ought to exploit this pre-eminence to their mutual advantage.

His fellow survivors, it was true, appeared to look to Mr. Singlet neither for succor nor comfort nor any other of the amenities of leadership. They took no notice of him or of each other. Whenever the firing broke out, the fat man held hurried and apparently unsatisfactory conversations with God. The girl merely blinked, like a cat when sparks jump out of the fire.

The girl interested Mr. Singlet more than the man. She was very young and very pretty. In the thick, dim light under the bandstand, which was made the more uncertain by little daggers of sunlight piercing chinks and knot-holes in the planks, Mr. Singlet could not see to what extent she was made up, but her short, dark hair hung forward along her cheeks as she lay, giving her a childish and appealing look. Though Mr. Singlet had seen her only on all fours, he decided that he could recognize in her bearing the conventionally provocative aloofness so dear to the Latin-American woman, which he himself always found too deliberate to be anything but banal. But there was — or so he fancied — an air of flippancy about her, a certain pert detachment, which, in the shadow of panic and a violent death, won his admiration. He was very rarely attracted by a girl and never admitted it, even to himself, if he was; but he could not help thinking that this one looked rather like a nice sort of person.

About the third survivor, on the other hand, there was almost nothing that was not repellent. Mr. Singlet, though he had been in the town less than a week, had seen this man many times before. He went round the cantinas every evening selling obscene postcards and presumably also kept a brothel, for Mr. Singlet knew that the more dashing of his fellow guests at the hotel negotiated with him through the hall porter. He was a fat man, with a big head, a gross, pear-shaped body, and short, unsteady legs. A spatulate nose welled up like a fungus in the center of a face so scored and pitted by disease that one could have wished it even dirtier than it was. He had a small, caked beard, like a goat's. Everyone called him Ambrosio. Mr. Singlet wished that he had been killed and not the flautist: he was afraid of the fat man.

However, he shelved his fears and listened to his importunate conscience. Ought I to talk to them? he thought. Could one make some sort of a plan? Stick up a white flag between the planks? Or scrape out a trench for the girl to lie in? . . . I suppose one ought to do something, but really it's very hard to know what. . . .

At the moment a furious burst of firing broke out from both sides of the square. Several bullets splintered the woodwork of their drum-shaped prison or hit iron struts and went whining derisively away into space. A loud ping and a rattle on the planks above Mr. Singlet's head announced a casualty among the derelict musical instruments. From a distant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quarter of the town came the long-drawn-out rumble of an explosion.

Mr. Singlet, his face buried once more in his arms, lay with all his muscles taut in strenuous immobility. The sweat poured off his body. His mind refused to work properly. "*Hallowed*-be-thy-name," he said, very rapidly, whenever a bullet hit the bandstand, and the sinews of his legs twitched; he had a feeling he was going to be hit in the legs. The only thing he could remember out of the whole of his past life was being sick at a garden party when he was very small: this memory forced itself on him whenever he tried to collect his thoughts.

The firing went on almost continuously for two hours, but only for the first twenty minutes was its volume really intense. (The insurgents were trying to get a field gun up to the barricades. After twenty minutes they had to abandon it in the middle of the Calle Americano. It would in any case have been practically useless in street fighting except for its moral effect. It was a silly idea.)

III

UNDERNEATH the bandstand it grew hotter and hotter. Time, like a wounded snake, dragged by in slow, despairing jerks. Five minutes would fill an age; then fears would quicken at a fiercer volley, and panic, by its dominating sameness, would concertina a quarter-hour between your squeezed eyelids.

Gradually Mr. Singlet ceased to flinch at every shot. The impact of a bullet was so long withheld that he acquired a kind of defiant fatalism and began to think of death as a clumsy sniper who must sooner or later register a hit but whose efforts, in the meantime, could be regarded with a certain scorn.

Unhappily, no sooner had he, as it were, put the ultimate horror into cold storage than he became acutely aware of lesser, more immediate evils, whose cumulative effect his mind, no longer preoccupied, could no longer ignore. Once tumbled from the heights of mental and physical abstraction to which great bodily fear exalts us, Mr. Singlet was forced to recognize facts which he had hitherto neglected. Such as: that it was frightfully hot; that there were more flies under the bandstand than the flautist could provide occupation for; and (above all) that he was thirstier than he had ever been before.

The thirst was much the worst thing. Mr. Singlet was a careful man, and, as soon as he acknowledged in thirst a threat to such peace of mind as he might be able to muster, he began to school himself to ignore it. "It's hot, I grant you," he found himself admitting in a hoarse, remote whisper, "but it's really no worse than being in a Turkish bath, which one pays for. All heat, after all, is relative. . . ." But, even as he said it and watched the sweat dripping impersonally off the end of his nose onto the glass of his wrist watch, he began, in spite of himself, to think of drinks and cracked ice chirping in long tumblers and the voices of fountains. His tongue writhed apologetically in his parched and curiously tasting mouth. He pursed his lips and held his breath, as though he were going (when he chose) to suck in delicious liquid through a straw. . . . I mustn't get delirious, thought Mr. Singlet.

He was so busy muzzling his appetites and disowning discomforts that for a time he almost forgot the existence of the other two. It was recalled to him by a little scraping sound. Looking up, he saw that the girl, who lay with her head toward him, was carefully forcing the handle of her parasol through a crack near the bottom of the wooden skirting of the bandstand. Their eyes met, and she smiled in a friendly way but with something of an effort.

"Beer," she said, in Spanish.

Mr. Singlet lowered his head and peered through his usual chink at the square outside. There, sure enough, was a beer bottle, only half empty, propped by chance against one of the rickety chairs which fringed the bandstand and which had mostly been overturned in the panic. It was tantalizingly near. Mr. Singlet licked his lips without meaning to. As he watched, he saw the curved handle of the parasol creep out toward the bottle over the sunbaked dust; it moved with a jerky, ritualistic air, and its formalized stealth somehow reminded Mr. Singlet of a Punch-and-Judy show. He turned his head and smiled encouragingly at the girl.

Her face was puckered with a childish intentness, and she held her lower lip between her teeth in the tentative, preoccupied way proper to the performance of a delicate and unfamiliar feat. Yet, even so, something about her (her mouth, Mr. Singlet decided) suggested

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an underlying flippancy, a capacity for humorous self-criticism which not even absorption could annul.

He made an approving little noise with his tongue against his teeth, as he would have to a dog; then he ducked his head again in time to see the handle of the parasol hook itself gently round the beer bottle. The girl began to draw it in slowly toward the bandstand.

It was really very exciting. Mr. Singlet's thirst increased with every inch of progress it made. For the first three feet, the bottle kept upright without spilling. It was almost within an arm's length of where the girl lay. Mr. Singlet's attention was riveted to the little scene. Never had still life staged a more effective drama. The suspense was causing him physical discomfort.

Drawings by Johan Bull

The next instant the spell was broken, and Mr. Singlet's attention was jerked back inside the bandstand by the sound of a blow. Even as his ears acknowledged it, his eyes saw the parasol jerk, the bottle lurch agonizingly over on its side, and the precious beer go ebbing out in opulent, leisurely belches. Startled, he lifted his head.

The girl was sitting up and rubbing her forearm. At the same time she glared angrily over her shoulder at the fat man. Ambrosio confronted her on all fours. A dangling watch chain lent his paunch the air of a captive balloon that has dragged its moorings. His face was creased with fury and fear. It was evident that he had struck the girl. He was swearing at her in a spluttering, venomous voice. Between his oaths Mr. Singlet deciphered their motive and the cause of the blow. Ambrosio had been afraid that the groping parasol would attract the snipers.

Mr. Singlet's Spanish was of the academic order. His ability to appreciate the plays of Lope de Vega was no passport to the intimate virulence of Mexican invective. Nevertheless, from the quantity and the aggressive quality of the girl's reply, he gathered that she was holding her own with Ambrosio. He was faintly surprised that one whom he had credited with sensibility, if not with refinement, should command, in such circumstances, so ready and effective a counterattack. It was, of course, a relief in a way. Before her shrill vituperation Ambrosio retired, a thwarted man, and Mr. Singlet was spared the intervention which chivalry had seemed likely to demand of him.

The fat man crawled back to his place and lay down, like a sea lion, in stertorous resignation. The girl turned back towards Mr. Singlet and began sadly to draw in her parasol through the chink. He saw that she was crying.

IV

HER TEARS aroused in him the first emotional impulse he had felt all day for the sharers of his plight. Mr. Singlet was a man not easily touched, and the sympathy he had extended (in his thoughts) to the girl had been, so far, a feeling almost as academic and unreal as the ghostly, hypothetical compassion with which he knew that, as a Christian, he should have been regarding the man. Men like Mr. Singlet — dried-up, incurious men, passing through life like effigies carried on tiptoe through a sleeping town — often respond more readily to an emotional impulse which comes not from their own particular cosmos but from something on its borders or something suggesting it. Comedy and tragedy among their friends leave them outwardly unresponsive; their habits and outlook have made them fearful of assuming the responsibilities of emotion among equals. Yet in the shallows beloved by sentimentalists — when it is a question of a dog that has been hurt or a disappointed child — such men will sometimes commit themselves with a kind of abandon to spontaneous, emotional expression. They are strangely willing to wear the heart upon the sleeve when there are no other hearts about. They are like people who cheat at patience: for a variety of reasons, they would never do it in company.

And therefore (though, of course, the strange circumstances must have stimulated his sensibilities) probably the reason under-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lying Mr. Singlet's sudden rush of feeling for the girl was the fact that, as she put up her hand to brush away the tears, the gesture reminded him of a kitten he had once had that had scalded its paw.

"Poor little thing!" murmured Mr. Singlet, drowning in the overflow of his sympathy an uncomfortable suspicion that her ill-treatment called for reprisals from himself.

The girl looked up, rubbing her forearm. (Who would have thought, reflected Mr. Singlet, that she could have stood up to all that filthy language and answered back with such spirit?) Behind her tears, her very fine eyes had lost all fire. They were dark and piteous and they fell on Mr. Singlet with so frankly appealing a look that he felt a momentary pang of mistrust. But she smiled such a friendly smile, with her humorous, undaunted mouth, that Mr. Singlet became suddenly avid for a last contact with humanity before he died and began, with a most uncharacteristic absence of *gêne*, to crawl toward her. The girl looked genuinely pleased. She nodded encouragingly and patted the ground beside her as if Mr. Singlet had been a dog.

Mr. Singlet sat down beside her in a most uncomfortable position. It would have seemed impolite to take too long over the arranging of his lower limbs. He smiled at her nervously.

"Can I be of any assistance to the Señora?" he asked stiffly.

The girl laughed at his Castilian accent and his rather desperate face.

"Americano?" she asked.

"Inglés," replied Mr. Singlet stoutly. (How curious it is, he found himself reflecting, that, if anyone asks us point-blank what is our name or what is our nationality, we make the revelation in an apologetic and almost furtive way; but, if they first guess at it and are wrong, we correct them with a quiet assurance which borders on the bumptious.)

Meanwhile the girl had delivered herself of a short (and, it seemed to Mr. Singlet, rather perfunctory) eulogy of the English, apparently based on some unspecified personal experience of their national characteristics. When she had finished, there was a silence. It became evident that Mr. Singlet could think of nothing to say. The girl looked up at him sideways with a teasing smile.

At that moment the impact of a volley fell savagely on the hot, dead air. The firing had broken out again. The tenuous fabric of their intercourse, half-spun to a pattern by convention, was ripped by reality. They lay side by side, preoccupied with fear.

V

At last, half an hour later, the firing died down to the sporadic dueling of snipers posted on the flat antiearthquake roofs. For all three survivors under the bandstand it was a crucial half-hour. Their powers of endurance were just losing that second wind which had hitherto staved off the imminence of collapse, whether mental or physical. Heat and thirst and nervous exhaustion now dominated not their bodies and part of their minds but their whole beings. The atmosphere was taut and oppressive with distress. The breaking-point was no longer an *ignis fatuus* which they could allow themselves to pursue without seriously contemplating coming up with it. Their faculties were now all too hard on its heels. They were losing control.

Mr. Singlet, ploughing blindly and without hope the unfamiliar furrow of physical endurance, was recalled from his own private hell by a low moan at his side. He turned his head. The girl's small, drawn face was looking up at him piteously from the embrasure of her elbow.

"So thirsty . . . ," she murmured. Her voice had the brittle quality of dead beech leaves blown along a road: an urgent wisp of sound, soon to die.

Mr. Singlet's cracked lips twitched in an ineffectual smile. He thought of the beer bottle and its ironic gurgle as the beer ebbed out into the dust.

The girl's eyes were full of inward fear, as though she had just realized that this physical torture was more than she could endure.

"So thirsty . . . ," she repeated, unreasonably, like a sick child. She looked more wretched than ever.

Acting on impulse, Mr. Singlet stretched out his hand and began to stroke her smooth, damp forehead.

"Poor little thing!" he said hoarsely, in English.

The girl closed her eyes. The hiding of them seemed a gesture toward relief and contentment. She wriggled herself toward Mr. Singlet,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he took her in his arms, pressing her bunched head and shoulders to his chest and rocking her tenderly to and fro. It was the most natual thing in the world.

"Poor little thing," he repeated, resting his chin on her thick, dark hair. "Poor little thing. . . ."

To Mr. Singlet, the contact was like a drug or a talisman. Not only the fear of death, which had now, perhaps, grown stale, but all the ugly incidentals of their plight were for the moment exorcised. Heat and thirst and the rest lost their relevance and sank into the background. Mr. Singlet held the girl gratefully in his arms and tried to analyze an obscure conviction that he had stumbled on life.

For the first time in years he was conscious of not being alone, of being really in touch with that humanity through whose ranks he had minced so prudently for forty years. He looked down on the strange and precious creature in his arms with a kind of amazed delight. He felt an overwhelming tenderness toward her. He wanted more than anything to be nice to her, to comfort her, to keep her safe. He rocked her to and fro and stroked her shoulder clumsily with his free hand. "Oh, let this last as long as possible," he said under his breath, addressing a God whose interest in him he now unaccountably conceived to have become a personal one.

VI

Poor Mr. Singlet! It did not last long. After ten minutes he felt the girl's body stiffen attentively in his arms. She raised her head and peered over his shoulder.

"What is it?" he asked. Even as he spoke, he heard a cool, luxurious gurgling sound, and he too looked round.

Ambrosio, leaning on one elbow, his head thrown back, was drinking with relish out of a large, dirty bottle. As they watched him, he stopped, wiped his lips, recorked the bottle, which was still half full; then, taking no trouble to avoid their eyes, he put it back in the pocket of the greasy peon's coat he was using as a pillow.

The sight was intolerable. It set thirst raging madly through both of them. The need for drink racked them like a fever.

The girl leant forward. "In the name of God's Mother," she said huskily, "give me a little of what you have in that bottle."

The fat man shook his head. His bloodshot eyes regarded them with dispassionate cruelty.

"Enough only to wet my lips?" the girl pleaded. Her voice was breaking.

Ambrosio looked away and spat. "Get to the devil, you bitch," he said irritably. He was resting on his elbow and now he pushed the rolled-up coat under his armpit.

The girl gave a sharp, bitter cry and made as if to spring at him. But something seemed to fail inside her; she swayed over sideways and lay crumpled on the ground beside Mr. Singlet, sobbing and twisting herself about.

Mr. Singlet, normally the most irresolute of men, knew in that crisis not a moment's indecision. With a strange and uplifting fixity of purpose he began to crawl toward Ambrosio. He was trembling — but with zeal, not fear. His pince-nez had fallen off, and he could not see very well but he went straight on.

"Give me that bottle!" he said, in the Spanish of a scholar and the tone of a fanatic.

Ambrosio did not answer but heaved himself up and squatted, ominously inert, with his back to the side of the bandstand. There was now only six feet between them.

"Give me that bottle!" repeated Mr. Singlet, his voice rising stridently to a scream. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was aware that his legs were bunched underneath him for a spring, also that in some other distant world firing had broken out again.

Still Ambrosio did not answer. One hand was busy at his belt.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Singlet. He said it in English, in a precise, vindictive voice, like a governess. Then he went forward at Ambrosio with a scrambling lurch. Ambrosio's hand came swiftly away from his belt with a knife in it, reared up like a snake, and struck down. Mr. Singlet saw the bright fleeting arc of the blade and tried to twist his body in the air.

The precaution was unnecessary. A bullet flicked casually through the woodwork behind Ambrosio and went into his head just behind one ear as he lunged forward with the blow. The top of his skull on the left-hand side flew open, and Mr. Singlet was simultaneously conscious of the warm and messy impact of brains in his face and of a quick, raw pain in his shoulder as the flaccid knife arm struck him a glancing blow.

"Oh, dear!" he said, rather wildly.

He found himself kneeling in front of the mountainous corpse. He took out his handkerchief and began to wipe his face with fastidious little dabs. He was afraid to investigate the wound in his shoulder, though he knew it to be slight. He felt puzzled, *désorienté*. He found it hard to concentrate. He could not remember what all the fuss was about.

With a distant feeling of surprise, he saw that the girl was now beside him. She was tugging frantically at Ambrosio's body; he could hear her breath hissing in and out in strenuous little gasps. What does she want? he wondered.

Then he remembered. With furious dispatch he flung himself on the body. Wrenching and straining with a waste of effort, he helped her to pull it over onto its back. Underneath lay the crumpled bundle of Ambrosio's coat. The neck of the bottle stuck out of the pocket.

They grappled for it in bestial, oblivious competition. The girl got it first. Never had there been more exquisite agony than Mr. Singlet's thirst as he watched her tilt it and drink. She began to splutter almost at once. The bottle contained pulque, a fierce spirit distilled from cactus; it was most illiberally diluted with water, and the girl could get down only a little at a time. Mr. Singlet snatched the bottle while she went through a paroxysm of coughing. After that they shared it, till the bottle was empty.

VII

"You were very brave," said the girl. She was bandaging the wound in Mr. Singlet's shoulder. The firing had died down again, and the shadow of a church tower visited the center of the square with blessed coolness. The escape from thirst was delicious luxury.

"I did it for you," answered Mr. Singlet, simply and very nearly truthfully. Heroism had played havoc with his inhibitions.

"Dear friend," said the girl, smiling at him. She put her arm round Mr. Singlet's shoulder and drew his head down into her lap. He lay there contentedly while she stroked his thin, graying hair.

"I think you are the nicest person I have ever met," he said dreamily. She leant forward and kissed his eyes lightly, as though he had been a child.

Mr. Singlet, hovering on the edge of a rather feverish sleep, happily admitted to himself that his own interpretation of life hardly covered the facts.

I never knew, he reflected, that there was such strange richness to be found in human relationships as I have found in this. There seems to be neither love nor lust in it. I want nothing of her, and she wants nothing of me. Yet in our coming together there has been compensation for all the horrors of today, and I for one shall resent death the less for it; though I am glad to say that it now seems possible that we are not to die.

Aloud, he said: "You are really very sweet," and shortly fell asleep. The girl continued to stroke his hair with an air of abstraction.

VIII

Mr. Singlet was awakened by the sound of singing. He had been dreaming about his sister, who grew water cress in Hampshire, and was pardonably slow in picking up his bearings. The girl laid a hand across his mouth and smiled joyfully at his startled and protesting eyes.

"Quiet," she said. "We shall be able to escape soon. There is a truce while they fetch in the dead."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Singlet rolled over on his side and peered through a chink. The sun had set behind distant hills, and the square was full of a soft blue dusk. People were moving slowly to and fro in little groups of three: two stretcher-bearers and a nun. All the nuns were singing. It was a kind of dirge, the words a mixture of Spanish and Church Latin. They kept time from all over the square, and the sound, coming from every side, had a pervasive, universal effect, as though it were the dusk that mourned. The nuns blessed each body as they came to it; then the stretcher-bearers took it up and carried it away.

This was a sharp change for the outside world to have undergone while Mr. Singlet slept. An hour ago death had been in the air; now it was the things beyond death. Mr. Singlet was pleased for aesthetic as well as for practical reasons. He turned to the girl, wanting to explain to her how well this change rounded off their experiences together. But she was plucking urgently at his sleeve.

"Follow me," she said. "We must get out now. The fighting will begin again when they have picked up the bodies."

Obediently he crawled along behind her till they came to the hatch through which the little flautist had led them so many hours before. The girl unlatched it cautiously and dragged it open. Outside it was almost dark. She turned back to him.

"We must cross the square separately," she said, "and in different directions. It will be safer."

He nodded, numbed and silent before the realization that they were to part.

"You will come and see me, perhaps?" she murmured. Her smile was a little anxious.

"But, of course," stammered Mr. Singlet. "Yes, indeed I will. I should like to very much. Where do you live?"

"I have given you my address," said the girl. "You will find a card in your pocket. I put it there while you were asleep. Come tomorrow; I have an engagement for tonight." She laughed.

"Thank you," he said. "That will be delightful. At what time?"

But the girl had slipped through the hatch.

"Hasta la vista!" she called softly.

Mr. Singlet waited a few seconds; then he too crawled out from under the bandstand and stood up stiffly. As he hurried across the square, still reverently quartered by those little processions of three, he was thinking not of the dead nor of rifles trained dubiously in the half-light nor of the pain in his shoulder but of a card which one hand clutched excitedly in his coat pocket.

He struck at once up a street running in the direction of his hotel. It seemed to have been little touched by the fighting. There were lights in the upper windows, and a cantina was open at the far end. Mr. Singlet walked rapidly toward it, instinctively keeping close to the wall.

It was almost empty and had a rather subdued air. Inside a little man wearing an enigmatic but impressive rosette was using potato chips to explain some tactical error to a sentry with a fixed bayonet.

Mr. Singlet went up to the bar and ordered some Bacardi rum. Then he took the girl's card out of his pocket. It was a florid affair, with a border of lovers' knots and wounded hearts which would have done credit to a valentine. Mr. Singlet was perplexed to see that it bore, besides an address in the meaner quarter of the town, only a single Christian name: Rosita.

I wonder if it's some sort of a joke, thought Mr. Singlet doubtfully, remembering her humorous mouth. Rosita? Perhaps it isn't she at all. . . .

Absently, he turned the card over in his fingers. Then, with a start, he realized that what he had been looking at was the less important side of it. The name and address were printed on the back of a photograph: one of Ambrosio's photographs. Mr. Singlet peered at it incredulously, adjusting his pince-nez; then he tore it up, with considerable haste.

It was she all right. It was no joke.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

Forty Poetry Books

(*Continued next month*)

Iowa Poets, Maine and Vermont Poets, Kansas Poets, Indiana Poets, Colorado Poets, Arkansas and Oklahoma Poets, Oregon Poets (Harrison, $2.00 each).

Readers of poetry are warmly grateful to Publisher Henry Harrison for producing regional anthologies of representative living poets from many States. Some critics have chided Mr. Harrison because these volumes are not as representative as they might be and sometimes omit the work of poets of national reputation. That, however, is up to the State patriotism of the poets and not to the editor, who invites all writers of verse whose merit has been recognized by editors to reprint three pages each of their work in his collections.

In general the verse in these volumes occupies a middle ground between folk poetry and the poetry of accomplished art. This is the plain verse of the plain people, warm in feeling and correct in foot and rhyme, the sort of verse for which song writers compose music. There is little of symbolism and imagination in these volumes, and no obscure experimentation; they do not produce headaches.

Arkansas and Oklahoma exhibit twenty-nine poets. The Ozarks are interpreted by poignant and personal voices in delicate moods that flit from sad to gay. The Colorado group expresses a childlike, unutterable longing higher than the mountains. The Iowa book contains homely, friendly verse and good names and a map of the birthplaces of the more celebrated writers from this State. Indiana is introduced by E. Merrill Root, but the exhibit is inferior to the reputed literary standard of that State. The Kansas anthology shows considerable variety and ambition for new effects.

Vermont and Maine muster more local patriotism on the part of famous poets than do the other States. Pulsifer and Vinal participate with Coffin and Frances Frost. Most distinguished of all these volumes, however, is the Oregon anthology. The Oregon selections are vital, dynamic interpretations of passionate life, with a fresh vocabulary and unhackneyed metaphor.

Random Hints for Poets

***by* ROBERT HILLYER**

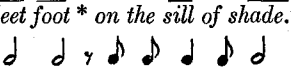
You must hear English verse sensitively before you can write it. Some, but not many, have a natural ear. The ear may be developed in verse no less than in music, and the intricacies of English verse are as difficult as the most delicate orchestration. Two practical hints are all that can be conveyed on paper.

Remember that, although regular accentual meter is and must be the underlying skeleton of rhythm (for without it verse is but a jelly), the overlying time rhythm gives the final contours to the verse. Thus, pauses (like rests in music) must be frequent, and differences in syllable length (like quarter notes, half notes, and whole notes in music) must be recognized. Let us take a line from Housman:

The fleet foot on the sill of shade.

I indicate the theoretical scansion. But the real music of it is controlled by the syllable length. One of the theoretical stresses falls on the word *on*, where in fact it cannot be. And the important word *foot* has, theoretically, no metrical importance. So a rough musical chart of the actual rhythm would show something like this:

The fleet foot * *on the sill of shade.*



It should be read with very little accentuation. Since in at least three quarters of the lines in English poetry there is a similar time irregularity playing over the accent regularity, we see how important it is to read according to syllable length and pause.

My second hint has to do with a device without which verse would be most monotonous. I refer to lines which flow into each other, without any break in syntax. Consider this couplet of Carew's:

The yellow planets and the grey
Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.

Here we have an almost rough overrun from line to line, which separates an adjective from the noun it modifies. There are two wrong ways of reading such overrun lines. The first error we find is in the old-fashioned elocution: syntax sacrificed to the line of verse, with a long pause after *grey*. The second error is prevalent today and makes one wonder why the poets ever troubled to separate their verses into lines. It sacrifices the line to syntax, with a long pause after *dawn*. Such an overrun should be read with no pause between the terminal word of the first line and the initial word of the second; but the terminal word of the first should be drawn out slightly to set it off and preserve the integrity of the individual line. Thus

The yellow planets and the grey
Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.

Neither syntax nor the individual line is sacrificed, and the music is complete. Milton, who overran more lines than other English poets, made full provision for this rendering by the richness of his final syllables. Other poets besides Milton have followed the same practice, with less commotion of rhythm.

These two suggestions will perhaps make you hear English verse better. And if you practice, as a musician practices, you will be able to hear the verse even when you read only with the eye, as a trained musician can hear in his inner ear the tones of a great symphony by reading a printed score.

II

Work over your technique with drudgery, apply yourself to your verbal scales and finger exercises. The world has never yet had profit from untutored inspiration. That you are inspired and that Shakespeare was inspired makes you two no more kin than your common lack of Latin and Greek. Follow the metrics of the language as they developed chronologically. Practice first the four-stress couplet, until you have it by ear; then write ballad meter; then write song poems in four-stress and three-stress measure; then try five-stress couplets, then five-stress quatrains — and so on. Any good history of verse will give you the sequence. Do this, as you will often

* *Brief pause.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random Hints for Poets

have to, when no inspiration suffuses you; then, when the inspiration arrives, it will have nimble fingers to play through.

III

DO NOT FOLLOW current vogues. Since I am speaking of poetry, I need not warn you against doggerel in newspapers and magazines. I would warn you against influences from groups which command a controversial attention in modern criticism. The old doctrine of art for Art's sake, which caused such a flurry in the 'nineties, reappears in the neo-aesthetic school of Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and their imitators, to the delight of a thousand scribbling collegians — even as Wilde and Dowson attracted green pens forty years ago. If read at all, they are most articulate in their glossaries.

Between the neo-aesthetes and the communistic poets lie Auden, Spender, and Lewis, a glib subject of table talk as were the Sitwells a decade ago. The real communistic poets maintain that there is no poetry but that which deals with class struggle — and apparently technique of any kind is taboo, as a sort of Czarist throwback. Milton and Shelley burned with revolutionary zeal in their day, and the wick which transformed their heat into light, as far as it was transformed at all, was the calm, the traditional technique.

There can be no art that is not based on an accepted tradition, any more than there can be communication without an accepted speech. All the rest is Esperanto or gibberish. Limbo is crowded with vogueish poets: permit me to introduce Waller, Cowley, Gower, Macpherson, Tusser, Hemans, Hayley, Darwin, and countless others; Messrs. Flint, Masters, Sandburg, Kreymborg, Arensburg, and others too numerous to mention.

Poetic reputations are like stocks, always going up or down. Cling to the immutables until you know where to invest your attention. Even the immutables seem sometimes to fluctuate. You should know that Donne is a speculation who, due to the vagaries of fashion, is now enjoying a boom, as was Blake yesterday and as Hopkins will be tomorrow and as somebody else from the past will be day after tomorrow.

IV

TO REFRAIN from following current vogues is not to ignore them. With a proper grain of salt, one should read experimentally in any modern verse which will not actually damage the ear. *John Brown's Body* is a popular poem that has some merit. *Conquistador* has many a fine passage, though it becomes tedious because of one virtue — a metronomic cadence, which, good in itself, goes on too long; and Aiken's falling music is good for everything except imitation. The major poets of our age are Bridges, Frost, and Robinson.

Of lyrists there are too many to mention. Stephens, through the Irish-Elizabethan cadence of such a lyric as *Sweet Apple*, brings Sappho to bloom in a new idiom; in de la Mare, Mother Goose rides Pegasus with gratifying skill; in Housman, the pessimism, shyness, and classicism of Thomas Gray find new utterance in folk music. In our own country, the predominance of women poets has cast over the American lyric a coyly metaphysical blur which I find not pleasing. There are excellent exceptions, even among the women themselves. The lyric needs crispness, simplicity, and style.

V

OF DICTION I may say almost nothing, because the subject is too involved. *Appropriateness* is the only general requirement one can lay down, but this includes the literal meaning, the associative meanings, the associative meanings in relation to other associative meanings, the associative meanings in relation to literal context, the sound in relation to meter or even rhyme and also in relation to cadence, phrasing, "shock," or euphony — and so on. As a general rule, I should suggest the avoidance of two extremes: the use of words which have already been loaded with associations by other poets and the associative use of words which have associations for only yourself. A tin pan is a tin pan. A star is a star. You must catch both when, through some astronomical courtesy, you see the starlight on the tin pan.

VI

DO NOT WORRY about publication. If your writing is merely a safety valve, you will never go through the grilling preparation for art such as a Shakespeare or a Beethoven went through. You will tune in on the Infinite, which is as easy as turning on the radio and much more satisfying, because you can always read it to your friends.

There are no neglected poets; no mute, inglorious Miltons. There are poets, poetasters, and pompous frauds. There are also poets discovered or rediscovered, such as Emily Dickinson, Thomas Traherne, Thomas Campion, and, God rest his soul, Gerard Manley Hopkins. If, after centuries of neglect, you grow restive and reproach the divine Editor, you will be told that you did not work hard enough or that you never were a poet.

Harrison Poetry

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN WOMEN POETS

The Associated Press, the United Press, and the NEA Service have acclaimed this anthology in thousands of newspapers. Edna Millay, Frances Frost, Lizette W. Reese, Anna H. Branch, Josephine Johnson, Harriet Monroe, Martha D. Bianchi, Margaret Widdemer, Fanny H. Lea, Grace N. Crowell, Muriel Rukeyser, Ruth Lechlitner, Marjorie A. Seiffert, Helen Welshimer, Mary Carolyn Davies, Adelaide Love, — these are only a few of the many famous poets among the 1311 contributors. Edited by Tooni Gordi. Specially priced at only $3.

OUT OF IOWA
by VAN METER AMES

The distinguished author of Introduction to Beauty and Aesthetics of the Novel enters the private world of images remembered with emotion, and has produced a long poem which will establish him as the Proust of the farm and field. The locales of Iowa, Chicago, Montana and Michigan are stark with beauty. $2.

THE CANDLE BURNS
by KATHARINE CARASSO

The 12 year old poet who has taken New York by storm. The N. Y. Post gave her a first page story; the World-Telegram, Journal, Mirror, Brooklyn Eagle, etc., all carried featured stories and photographs. Eleven years ago it was Nathalia Crane; today it is little Katharine who speaks 4 languages and plays Chopin, Bach and Beethoven. Introduction by Geo. Steele Seymour. $1.50.

I'VE NEVER BEEN TO WINKLE
by VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

The title poem of this first book has been quoted in every English-speaking country. Mrs. Owens' work, which has appeared in Harper's, Scribner's, McCall's, etc., is permeated with wistfulness. For lovers of charm this will prove a glorious volume. $1.50.

FRAIL FRAGMENT
by JERRY CLASON

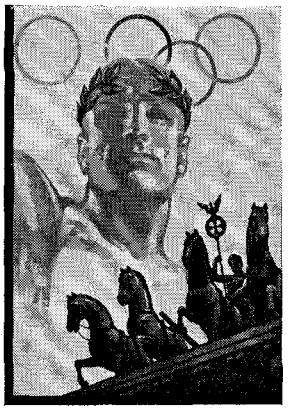
On April 2nd, Mrs. Clason began a recital tour that took her through these Georgia cities: Atlanta, Columbus, Savannah, La Grange, Newnan, Eufaula and Athens; Florida: Jacksonville and Miami; Alabama: Montgomery and Auburn; Calif.: Los Angeles, La Jolla and Hollywood; and New York, Havana and Panama. Among those to introduce her at these recitals were Don Blanding, Nunnally Johnson and Paul Jordan Smith. "Jerry Clason holds a definite place of her own in the ranks of singing riders who enliven the roadways of life. The poetry lover has a pleasure in store in this book," Lucia Trent. $1.50.

BRIMMING CHALICE
by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

The Poet Laureate of South Carolina has compiled his first collection since our publication in 1933 of his Veiled Eros (of which a few copies still remain at $2). The London Times wrote that Veiled Eros includes "some of the noblest poems of recent years." The N. Y. Times said it "contains some of the finest lyrics of this authentic poet." $2.

HENRY HARRISON, Poetry Publisher
430 Sixth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



XI th
OLYMPIC
GAMES
AUGUST 1-16th
BERLIN

GERMANY

Olympic Year is the World's Festive Year in Germany. The XIth Olympic Games are centered in a grand programme of exciting attractions: The Bayreuth Wagner Festival Plays, the Munich Opera Festivals, International Olympic Art Exhibitions, brilliant theatricals, interesting expositions and conventions. German genius for organization has timed these events so that you can enjoy them during a glorious vacation in Germany. In addition: Scenic grandeur and natural beauty... famous health resorts... romantic castles... picturesque folk festivals... medieval towns... cosmopolitan cities... the Rhine. Modern travel comfort and the traditional hospitality of the land of Gemütlichkeit. Railroad fares reduced 60% and Travel Marks at low rates. Write for booklet 12.

GERMAN RAILROADS
INFORMATION OFFICE
665 Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street, New York

MOCKBA
(MOSCOW)

A nation encompassing a century's progress in a decade is an interesting study for business-men. The plans for Russia's vast projects are made in Moscow, and it may prove extremely worth-while to include this interesting capital in your European tour. A Soviet extension, or a specially conducted or independent tour can be arranged to fit in with your plans.

Convenient connections from European cities. By plane, Moscow is 17 hours from London; 10 hours from Berlin; it takes 6½ hours from Stockholm to Leningrad. Rates in Russia from $8 Tourist to $15 a day First Class, all expenses included.

"THE NEW SOVIET TRAVEL GUIDE BOOK" gives complete information and contains illustrated maps. It will be sent you upon request.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVEL SERVICE
65 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
"Intourist" Representatives

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

(*Continued from page 260*)

NATIONAL DEFENSE

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

It is difficult for me to give a brief comment regarding Senator Nye's paper ["Billions for 'Defense,'" April FORUM]. I wish I could agree that there is such a simple answer in the hands of the people of the United States. . . . Fundamentally the failure of the United States to take a part in those constructive organizations and forces that work for world understanding and world peace is our main difficulty. If the senators would spend a little more time on developing proper relationships with the World Court, the League of Nations, and other organizations of similar quality, we could bring about understandings that would greatly reduce the risks of war.

The Chinese Wall idea of staying within our own borders in case of conflict is, of course, ridiculous. . . .

In brief, it seems to me that our chief difficulty is that we are not willing to pay the price and make the necessary concessions that go with organizing the world on an orderly basis, whereby nations can be controlled through joint action and mutual understanding rather than through the use of physical force. Since the whole basis of our national defense development is that of fear, I should have more confidence in trying to remove fear through such organization than through disarmament or reduction of armaments.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR
Office of the President
Stanford University, Calif.

LABOR ORGANIZATION

To the Editor:

Neither Mr. Green nor Mr. Lewis ["Which Way for the Labor Unions?" April FORUM] was honest enough to own up to his real difficulty or recognize it. Their trouble is their un-American ideal: whole-hog-or-none monopoly. Mr. Green has been credited with stating that there is room in America for only one labor organization. It would be the same to say there is room for only one bank, one oil company, one insurance company, one newspaper chain or magazine publisher. Let Mr. Green realize his ambition of organizing 39,000,000 and their families into one class bloc, and indeed he would not have fascism opposed; he would have it in his hands. In this respect, Mr. Lewis will bear watching. In spite of all his fine pretensions, let us never forget that he is now an absolute dictator. . . . As much as he and Mr. Green can effect it, labor is now mentally regimented and circumscribed. . . .

. . . Completely to organize labor there must be many more patterns and special organizations, competitive if need be, for the sake of modernization and house cleaning at times. Labor must abandon the ideal of one big monopoly and rally around the customary American standards of business and professionalism — which are neighborliness, tolerance, honorable practice and purpose, and some ethics.

LEE SMITH
President
Missouri Pacific System Grand Lodge No. 26
Brotherhood of R.R. Shop Crafts of America
Hoisington, Kan.

JOHNSON V. HAGOOD

To the Editor:

At this rather late date my attention has just been called to the November FORUM, in which is published Major General Hagood's hysterical broadside which, among other things, criticizes me for quoting him in my debate ["Military Training"] with Lieutenant Colonel Ralph C. Bishop, in last September's FORUM. General Hagood's specific complaint seems to be that I quoted him in such a way as to turn his remarks inside out, thus making them say or mean something he himself did not say or mean.

May I, Mr. Editor, lay claim to enough of your valued space to say I did nothing of the sort? Contrary to what he says, the quotations from General Hagood which I used were not taken from his article entitled "R.O.T.C.: the Key to National Defense" but were taken from the published record of testimony he offered before the House Committee on Military Affairs on April 12, 1933. I did not quote General Hagood to suggest that he was entirely opposed to the O.R.C. and the R.O.T.C. I quoted him for a much more specific purpose, namely, to suggest to FORUM readers and to my debate opponent, Colonel Bishop that responsible military opinion had some doubts about the military utility of cavalry and the qualitative value of the R.O.T.C. and the O.R.C. . . .

I have just reread the memorandum submitted to the House Committee on Military Affairs by General Hagood on April 12, 1933, and I fail to find anything in it advocating "doubling the size of the O.R.C. and greatly expanding the activi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"VERMONT Summer Homes"

by Dorothy Canfield

The joys of country life in the Green Mountains are easily within your reach.

This charming book by Dorothy Canfield invites you to become a part-time or year-round Vermonter, and really LIVE. Literally hundreds of inexpensive hillside farm homes await the touch of the enthusiast to be reborn as delightful summer homes. Send for this FREE book.

UNSPOILED **Vermont**

FREE Vacation Book

Write also for profusely illustrated "Unspoiled Vermont," a pre-view of your Green Mountain vacation.

PUBLICITY SERVICE, 102 State House, Montpelier, Vt.

Mailed to You for ONLY 10¢

This Handsome Pictorial MAP of **MEXICO**

MEXICO

Here's the way to make that trip to Mexico even more interesting. This large, handsomely lithographed 7-color picture-map, 13 x 21 inches, will guide you to those fascinating parts of Mexico not reached by ordinary tourists.

See the native types in full regional regalia. Study the curious occupations and diversions you'll encounter throughout Mexico, including *Uruapan, Lake Pátzcuaro, Guanajuato, Jalapa, Puebla, Oaxaca, Tehuantepec,* etc., etc.

Simply write your name and address on the margin of this advertisement, enclosing 10c in stamps or coin.

Free descriptive travel folder gladly mailed on request. NATIONAL RAILWAYS of MEXICO, Alamo National Building, San Antonio, Tex.

★

Coming in June

Another of the brilliant personality sketches in Oswald Garrison Villard's series—

THE UNBRANDED TEXAN

—the story of Maury Maverick whose *The GAG Threatens!* appears in this issue.

Our Rostrum

ties of the R.O.T.C." To the contrary, I find the following there:

"We have in recent years drifted away from certain fundamental American principles and have adopted a new plan of defense based largely upon European practice. We have drifted away from the fundamental idea of a system of coast defense that would insure our country against invasion and have adopted a plan for large armies — a million men — to fight the invader after he comes ashore. . . . And to-day, if we have a proper Navy, that is, a Navy supreme in our own waters, an adequate Air Service, and an efficient system of harbor defense [certainly General Hagood won't deny that we have these], it will not be necessary to have a million-man Army, either in being or in reserve. A much smaller Army, capable of timely but not instantaneous expansion, would meet our demands. We have no frontiers. No nation could pounce down upon us suddenly, and several months at least must elapse before any army of a large size could be landed upon our shores. Our own experience in sending troops to France has demonstrated that even with ample port facilities and against no resistance the landing of a large army in a foreign country takes a long time. But the National Defense Act contemplates an army of a million men capable of being mobilized immediately. Such a plan is impracticable. First, because we could never get an enlisted men's reserve corps in time of peace; and second, because the expense of the necessary war reserves would be too great." (page 14)

Regarding school and college military training, General Hagood's testimony includes, among other remarks which I could have quoted to advantage against Colonel Bishop, the following.

"I believe that the Federal Government is spending too much money on these schools and that by a more judicious arrangement (involving, of course, changes in law) as good results, or better, could be obtained for less money. For example, in some of the schools the senior military instructor is more highly paid than the president or head of the school, and the combined pay of the military staff is perhaps more, in some cases, than that of the rest of the faculty. In one corps area alone, the Regular Army personnel attached to State, municipal, and private schools costs the Federal Government nearly a million dollars a year. Few of these schools are classed as military. The instruction is of an elementary character and the essentials could be given at much less cost." (page 18)

. . . . . .

EDWIN C. JOHNSON
Secretary
Committee on Militarism in Education
New York, N. Y.

$150,000 IN CASH AND TRAVEL PRIZES

TO BE AWARDED IN THE

GRAND INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL CONTEST

Here's the opportunity of a lifetime to win cash — a trip around the world — to actually enjoy luxury!

EVERY PURCHASER OF "TRIPS" MAY ENTER!

Each purchaser of the luxury travel magazine "TRIPS" — now selling for $1 — is entitled to enter without further cost.

FIRST PRIZE:

$37,500.00 IN CASH

AND A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD FOR TWO ADULTS!

SECOND PRIZE: Ten months' all-expense deluxe tour of Europe for 2 adults, AND $1,000 IN CASH!

THIRD PRIZE: Five months' all-expense grand tour of Europe for 2 adults, AND $500 IN CASH!

THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES: 25,102 PRIZES IN ALL!

Every entrant in this contest has an equal chance to participate in the 25,102 awards!

IT'S A SIMPLE, EASY CONTEST

To enter, fill in the coupon below, attach $1, and mail to us, upon receipt of which we will send you your copy of "TRIPS" magazine, enclosing an official numbered TICKET, Receipt, and official ENTRY BLANK on which are reproductions of five prominent illustrations from the magazine "TRIPS." All you have to do is to select or suggest a title for each illustration. Detailed instructions are on the Official ENTRY BLANK. After you have filled in the ENTRY BLANK, MAIL TO US IMMEDIATELY. Prizes will be awarded to the contestants who select or suggest the five best titles to the five illustrations. This is a contest of skill only. The decisions will be made by a board of competent judges, whose decision will be final and binding. The contest closes on June 29, 1936. In the event of ties, the tying contestants will be required to submit a letter of not more than 200 words, giving the reasons for their selections. The prizes will then be awarded to the writer of the letter or letters regarded as best in the judges' opinion.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

TRAVEL CONTEST CORP.
2 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: _____ 1936

Enclosed is $1 (cash—money order—check) for which please send me without further obligation a copy of the SPECIAL 1936 EDITION OF "TRIPS" MAGAZINE (now selling for $1). It is also understood that I am to receive an Official Numbered Ticket, Receipt and Entry Blank for the GRAND INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL CONTEST. (50)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

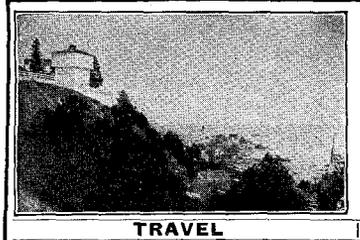
Established 1906

FEATURED EVERY MONTH IN EIGHT PUBLICATIONS

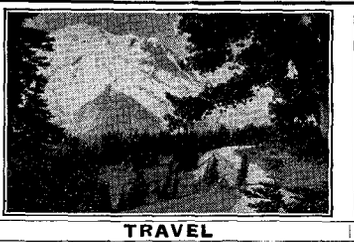
OUR GROUP OF QUALITY MAGAZINES

Atlantic Monthly, Current History, The Forum, Harpers Magazine, Mid-Week Pictorial (2 issues), Nature Magazine, Review of Reviews and Scribner's Magazine

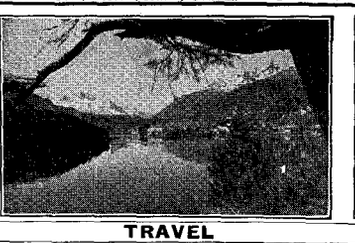
For space and rates in our departments write to
THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



TRAVEL



TRAVEL



TRAVEL

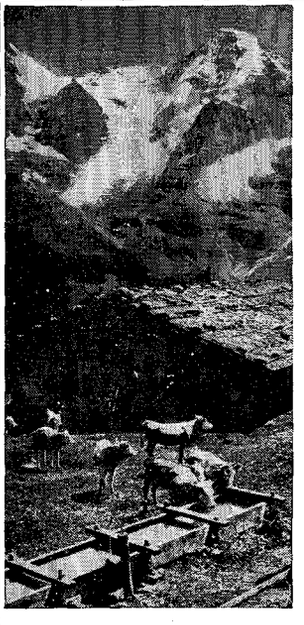
VERMONT

THIS SUMMER, DISCOVER THE CHARMS OF

NEWFOUNDLAND

QUAINT fishing villages clinging to grey cliffs; streams and lakes abounding with gamey fish; wild, untamed forests—that's Newfoundland . . . cool and bracing in summer. And that's why you'll enjoy fishing, sailing, golfing, canoeing and sightseeing in this magic vacationland. Modern camps and hotels at attractive low rates.

Write for free booklet, "Come to Newfoundland," to Newfoundland Information Bureau, 620 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., or Newfoundland Tourist Development Board, St. Johns, Newfoundland, or any travel agency.



Vacation in Switzerland

. . . land of loveliness, where the glittering Alps cast a magic spell over care-free hours. The "Playground of the World" is within easy distance of all Europe. Railroad fares have been reduced up to 45% throughout the entire year to American visitors staying in Switzerland 6 or more days. Take advantage of them *this* year and revel in the beauty of Switzerland.

Be sure that your itinerary includes a visit to historic GENEVA seat of the League of Nations... Picturesque old BERNE capital of Switzerland and THUN, portal to the BERNESE OBERLAND... INTERLAKEN and up to the JUNGFRAUJOCH; then a trip over the LOETSCHBERG route into another world to... ZERMATT-GORNERGRAT and the MATTERHORN. On to ZURICH, Switzerland's Metropolis and LUCERNE the beautiful, where William Tell made history—and over the famous St. Gothard route to LUGANO-LOCARNO, basking in perennial sunshine. This suggestion is made for your comfort and enjoyment. Any tourist or steamship agent can book you.

Write for our beautiful Free album of Swiss Scenes. Ask for Packet WG-3.

SWITZERLAND

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS - 475 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THIS YEAR . . . SEE

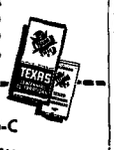
TEXAS

AND THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS

25 MILLION DOLLAR EXPOSITION
DALLAS » Opens June 6

The Southwest's first World's Fair. A genuine, old-time, Western Frontier Centennial at Fort Worth. More than 125 celebrations throughout the state. See Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, colorful West Texas, and East Texas, home of world's greatest oil fields. Write for interesting literature and calendar of events.



TEXAS CENTENNIAL,
State Headquarters, 16-C
Dallas, Texas.
Please send illustrated literature on Texas and the Centennial Celebrations to:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

MAINE

Hotel Hamilton and Cottages
HELEN W. CAMPBELL, Directing.
Ocean breezes assure cool days and restful nights. Golf, bathing, boating, fishing, dancing, tennis. Rates are moderate. Service & hospitality unexcelled.
CHEBEAGUE ISLAND, MAINE

Ask Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street, Boston, for space & rates in our department

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE'S BEST
$2.50 Single $3.50 Double
The EMERSON HOTEL
Baltimore Maryland
O. G. Clements, Manager

MASSACHUSETTS

Nantucket Island **BEACH HOUSE** Siasconset, Mass.
Golf. Surf Bathing. Tennis, etc. All the benefits on land of an Ocean Voyage.

E U R O P E

12th Season economical all-expense tours. Small groups with personal service of experienced leaders. Wide selection itineraries. All-expense independent travel also arranged. Cruise and steamship bookings effected on all lines. Write for Booklet "W."
CARLETON TOURS, 522 5th Ave., N.Y.

When writing to these advertisers will you please mention The Where-to-go Bureau?

ORIENT
TOURS $575 PER DAY
2 MONTHS' TRIP $322
***Round-the-World Tours* $509-$645.** One-Class "General" ships. Portland to Yokohama $172, Kobe $177, Shanghai $198, Hong Kong $215, Manila $215
SEE YOUR TICKET AGENT OR WRITE DEPT. 27
STATES STEAMSHIP LINES, Portland, Oregon

MICHIGAN

MICHIGAN

WHERE TO GO IN MICHIGAN

Tell us what you want to do . . . we will give you detailed and unbiased information about Michigan . . . any activity . . . any resort, hotel or section of the State . . . together with maps and pictures.

MICHIGAN TOURIST ASSOCIATIONS
Box S Lansing, Michigan
State of Michigan co-operating

VERMONT

THOSE GORGEOUS GREEN MOUNTAINS

ASK

for new, handsomely-illustrated free booklet, "Unspoiled Vermont." A thrilling preview of your 1936 vacation-tour. Scores of eye-filling scenes such as greet you at every turn of the road in this land of mountains, lakes and valleys, gorgeous greenery and famous hospitality. Varied country fun for all the family—described in this free book. Write VERMONT PUBLICITY SERVICE, 47 STATE HOUSE, MONTPELIER, VT.

VERMONT

BASIN HARBOR LODGE On-Lake-Champlain
Christian ownership-management catering to select clientele. Cordial, informal atmosphere. Moderate rates. Hotel and 30 shore cottages. Golf course, tennis, sailing, fishing. Country-life centre of social and sport activities. Interesting literature.
A. P. BEACH, Host, VERGENNES, VERMONT

SHANTY SHANE A Summer Lodge For Families
Golf, Tennis, Water Sports, Good Cuisine. Booklet. Shanty Shane, Ely, Vermont

CAMP SKYLAND SOUTH HERO, VT. On Lake Champlain. Tenth Season.
Christian Camp for adults and families. $16-$20 per week. M. K. Norton, Mgr.

NEW MEXICO

Rancho DE DIAS ALEGRE
Altitude 7400 feet. 16 miles west of Las Vegas, New Mexico, in the Rocky Mountains. The Ranch Happy Days is a modern Ranch combining Home Comforts with Ranch Activities. Ride Mountain Trails thru Virgin Forest for health and pleasure. Glorious days and *COOL SUMMER NIGHTS.* Booklet and Rates on request.
FRANK J. TEAGUE, LAS VEGAS, N. M.

TRAVEL

EUROPE 27-69 Days **$355**
Request Book W. May to September Tourist.
VARSITY TOURS, 521 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
606 So. Hill St., Los Angeles — 128 W. Monroe St., Chicago

"LISTED if TESTED"

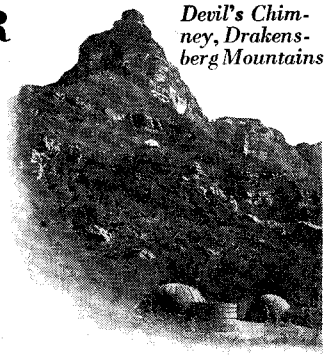
For 29 years WHERE-TO-GO departments not featured in 8 magazines have been especially noteworthy. 92.2 per cent of our space has been taken by old friends over a 5-year period.

TRAVEL ACCESSORIES

Enjoy your trip
Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY
Makes "Deck Activities" Enjoyable
And Tea a Welcome Event

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is SOUTH AFRICA'S YEAR



Devil's Chimney, Drakensberg Mountains

AT Johannesburg, September 15, 1936 to January 15, 1937, the Empire Exhibit will blazon forth the splendid advance of the "Sunny Sub-Continent" and the progress of Britain's far-flung dominions.

Visit this impressive exposition in the "City of Sunshine and Gold"! Take advantage of the opportunity for tours to South Africa's famous wonder sights — view Victoria Falls, motor through the vast game reserve of Kruger National Park, see the mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins, picturesque Zulus, great gold and diamond mines, and the tomb of Rhodes, the "Empire Builder."

Fascinating, too, are gay Durban, the Valley of a Thousand Hills, the weird Karoo, the Cango Caves, gay seaside resorts, and the varied attractions of the Cape Province.

Modern railways, airplanes, and motor buses, and excellent hotels, assure ample travel comfort.

Rissik Street, Johannesburg

The glories of South Africa await you! An exhilarating climate! Exotic flowers in wild profusion, charming hospitality!

Detailed information from all tourist and travel agents

Come to

SOUTH AFRICA

TOASTS

PAUL HUTCHINSON has done journalistic work of all sorts in Asia, in Europe, and in Latin America. Since 1924 he has been Managing Editor of the *Christian Century*. He is planning a trip to the Scandinavian countries this summer.

GUY G. STEVENS, the veterinarian from Groton, New York, who was the author of an earlier piece on cows for THE FORUM, says he has looked over seven thousand of them since he wrote his last article. He is also a fiend for dahlias.

LEONORA H. PARSONS lives in New York City. She is a senior at Smith College, where she is majoring in government.

FRANCES B. SMITH, a junior at Smith College, has divided most of her time recently, when not at college, between Europe and her father's ranch in Utah.

LIN YUTANG holds degrees from Harvard and Leipzig universities and is a staff member of a number of Chinese magazines, two of which are published in English. At present he is editing a pocket dictionary of Chinese and translating selections from various Chinese classics.

MARY M. COLUM writes this month the last of her present series of articles on "Life and Literature." She will resume them again in an autumn issue. Apropos of her remarks on current plays — Mrs. Colum was a member of the advisory committee which awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1935 to *Idiot's Delight*.

LLOYD FRANKENBERG studied at Columbia University and has worked on an oil tanker, a newspaper, an ice truck, and a cemetery mowing gang. Now he is living near Provincetown, working on a novel.

SYDNEY S. BOWMAN was born in St. Louis and started out as a newspaperman. Now he is head of a national advertising organization (which, we may say, is not uninterested in the relationship of Hawaii to the United States proper). Mr. Bowman says that this work is his hobby and that he wants to promote orderly thinking about the United States in the Pacific.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD has retired from active editorship of the *Nation* and is devoting his time to miscellaneous writing and lecturing.

THOMAS CRAVEN is the author of that much discussed book, *Modern Art*, and is a frequent contributor to magazines. He is now writing a book on the Mississippi Valley for Simon & Schuster.

ELENA BOCHKOVSKY is the daughter of a White Russian engineer. She was born in the Gobi desert and as a child traveled with her father through Russia, North China, Kamchatka, and neighboring regions. She was educated at a private school in Vladivostok and a convent school in Shanghai.

E. MERRILL ROOT, an old FORUM contributor, teaches at Earlham College, in Richmond, Indiana.

We'd like you to know more about us

WE'D like you to know more about us, and we believe that you'd be interested.

We kept that in mind while making up our General Foods Annual Report for 1935. We tried to keep it clear, compact, and interesting, remembering that its purpose was to take the general public behind the scenes, as well as to keep our employees and our 63,000 stockholders informed.

In this report is included a special message to the public, telling them how several food companies by banding together have been able to render better service.

Our report is now ready for distribution, and we will gladly mail you a copy upon request. Write Dept. 18.

GENERAL FOODS

250 Park Avenue
New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Service Representative
in the telephone business office greets a young couple who want to have a telephone installed.

Good Neighbors

The Bell System serves the whole country, yet it remains close to the people. The people use it. Their savings built it. "It belongs to Main Street."

The 270,000 employees of the Bell System live and work in your neighborhood and in similar neighborhoods in every section of the country. They are good neighbors. Thousands of times each day and night their activities bring friendly aid to those in need.

To every one—to the newlyweds, to the man in the grand house on the hill or the little lady with the shawl—the Bell System offers the same full measure of service.

And seeks to do it always with courtesy and sympathetic understanding—in the manner of a friend.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next Month

and later

HONORIS CAUSA

Datus C. Smith, Jr.

"Honorary degrees," said A. Lawrence Lowell, "add to the sum total of human happiness." And they do other things too, remarks Mr. Smith. They put the college's name in the paper, they assure speakers for commencement exercises, they serve as thanks (or solicitation) for gifts, and they enable the college, while maintaining the form of academic neutrality, to express a political opinion. To some these things may seem trivial, but nothing is trivial, the author maintains, which puts education into politics and holds up to ridicule the standards of scholarship. The 1936 crop of honorary degrees will be coming along shortly. Watch for them and get a laugh.

THE SHADOW OF THE ASS

Struthers Burt

For six hundred fifty years the English have occupied themselves with manners. They have written about them, coined epigrams and apothegms about them, delivered sermons on them, and carved their sentiments in stone. The language itself has collected almost as many synonyms for taste, good breeding, and fashionable behavior as for vulgarity, drunkenness, and prostitution. Englishmen walk not in the shadow of the Lord but in the fear that they may say or do something which is not correct. In short, decides Mr. Burt, the English have done everything there is to be done about good manners except practice them.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

PILLARS OF GOVERNMENT

Oswald Garrison Villard

Mr. Villard's roster of distinguished servants of the public trust, which has thus far included Senators Costigan and Norris and Representative Maverick, will next month move on to Senator Robert F. Wagner, of New York.

OTHER FEATURES

An article on small-claims courts, by Harry D. Nims; the story of an Arkansas farm family's struggle against the depression, by Alma Johnson; "Halfway to Infinity," by Peter van Dresser; "The Best Place to Work," by George Jean Nathan; "Marianne Moore: An Appreciation," by May Lewis; a discussion of the "sixth sense" of the blind, by Gabriel Farrell; "The New Epoch in Psychical Research," by Gerald Heard.

F O R U M

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Contents for JUNE

A Good Word for Monogamy. *Editorial Foreword* . HENRY GODDARD LEACH 321

The Uneasy Ghost of Roger Williams . . . . . PAUL HUTCHINSON 323

Efficiency Comes to the Barnyard . . . . . GUY G. STEVENS 328

How Shall I Vote? *A Debate*

I — Roosevelt and I . . . . . LEONORA H. PARSONS 335

II — A Socialist Turns Republican . . . . . FRANCES B. SMITH 337

The English Think in Chinese . . . . . LIN YUTANG 339

Life and Literature. *Revival in the Theater* . . . . . MARY M. COLUM 344

Two Sides of a Wave. *A Poem* . . . . . LLOYD FRANKENBERG 346

Hawaii Knocks at the Door . . . . . SYDNEY S. BOWMAN 350

Pillars of Government . . . . . OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD 354
Maury Maverick: A Texas Norther in Congress

Nationalism in Art . . . . . THOMAS CRAVEN 359

The Wheelbarrow Coolie Follows a New God — I . . . ELENA BOCHKOVSKY 362
A Story in Two Parts

A Page for Poets

Toward Dancing Stars . . . . . E. MERRILL ROOT 368

Toasts I

Books: A Causerie . . . . . JONATHAN SCHNELL IV

Our Rostrum X

VOL. XCV—No. 6

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; $4.00 a year; foreign subscription $5.00, Canadian $4.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright 1936, in the United States and Great Britain by Forum Publishing Company, Inc. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission from the publishers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS: A CAUSERIE

BY JONATHAN SCHNELL

Man of Many Words

What in the world, we are asked in effect by Harry R. Warfel, author of Noah Webster, Schoolmaster to America (Macmillan, $4.00), should we have done without Noah Webster's spelling books and his dictionary? We should, in fact, have been talking one branch of the English language in Massachusetts and something else in Milwaukee, mixed with literal translations of *Was Für ein* and such Teutonisms, and we should have been talking still another in Louisiana, instead of the language comprehended by all that Huey Long talked. Noah had a tongue with a tang and a mind with a tang; he could have said to the Fathers of the Republic, whether Franklin or Hamilton or George Washington, (and he talked to all of them), "I care not who makes the wars or who makes the laws as long as I can make the spelling books and dictionary." Harry Warfel's biography does not embrace all the possibilities of the old dictionary maker, but it is a well-made and readable book about one of the creators of this republic, the maker of the first American dictionary.

Backwoodsman

The folk who learned their words from Noah Webster's spelling books are still extant in the Kentucky mountains, and they are put before us by Jesse Stuart in Head O' W-Hollow (Dutton, $2.50). These stories have all the virtues that a local author can get in, the idiom and the attitude to life; they have the distinction that can be put into writing by the man who knows his subject inside out. But, like the writer's sonnets in *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow*, they are monotonous, and the material cannot be stretched to the point that he thinks it can be. A lot of the emotions and a lot of the actions are just tributaries to a main emotion or a main action and could very well have been compressed. To be a good provincial one has to be something of a cosmopolitan, and Jesse Stuart is not enough of a cosmopolitan. Much that he is doing has been done before in literature and done very much better. He will have to realize that native talent is not enough: a real writer tends to search for the unexpected element in men and women. Yet *Head O' W-Hollow* has fine quality and something real in its pages. And, even if what he has to say has been said in other literatures before, it has the advantage of being said in America for the first time in his verse and prose. If he could only say it in a new way, in an unexpected way, maybe he would reach that "high place in American literature" that his publishers bespeak for him.

Versatile Fellow

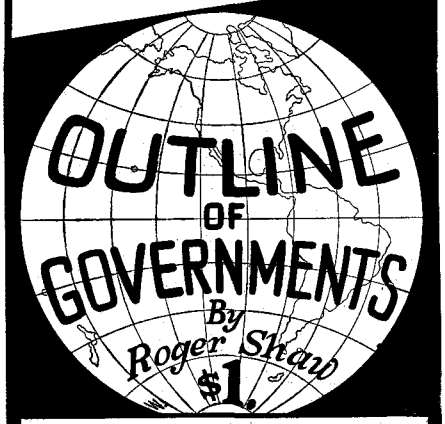
We have often considered that, next to the farmer's life that Jesse Stuart celebrates, the best life of all might be the scholar's and that the best place a scholar could be in would be in the Latin Quarter in Paris, where he would have to give only one lecture a week, so that for the rest of the time he could attend his colleagues' lectures in the Sorbonne with a memory of all their great predecessors who lectured there and all the ferocious things they said about their antagonists. But after reading Ambroise Vollard's Recollections of a Picture Dealer (Little, Brown, $4.50) it seems to us that a picture dealer's life is maybe the best of all. He hasn't to work so hard and in any civilized city he can meet everybody of importance not only in painting and sculpture but in all the other arts. Vollard's recollections is a book worth having and keeping for anybody interested in pictures; its reproductions alone — that amazing portrait of Mallarmé by Gauguin, who was not given to making portraits of poets; that portrait of Vollard himself in cubes and things by Picasso; that portrait of him as a toreador by Renoir; the portrait of Rodin by Renoir; the self-portrait by Cézanne; the self-portrait by Gauguin; the self-portrait by Degas; the portrait of Zola by Cézanne; the portrait of Verlaine by Rouault — are worth the money paid for the book even if you don't care for the letterpress. But this indeed is very diverting, full of stories of all these great painters and sculptors and their American collectors, like Havemeyer and John Quinn. Having known John Quinn, we doubt sincerely if he knew a single thing about the art of the pictures he was buying but that he knew their value as an acquisition we haven't a doubt. There are stories of the Steins, Gertrude and Leo, and their adored Pablo Picasso and stories of Renoir and the Douanier Rousseau. And then there came the great and exciting time when Vollard, in addition to being a picture dealer, thought he would like to be a publisher and see the name *Ambroise Vollard, Editeur*, printed on a book with illustrations by these great artists who were his protégés. But who would he start publishing with? It chanced that on the top of a bus he saw a poorly dressed man holding a picture that got in the way of the conductor. Who was he? Verlaine, the next greatest living poet to Stéphane Mallarmé, so he decided to publish the two of them. And then he brought out *Les Fleurs du Mal* and he wanted to publish Flaubert's *Temptations of Saint Anthony*, but the great novelist's niece was very worried about the naked women that would have to appear in any illustrations of the *Temptations*. There is a great deal about that hero of the studios, Degas, and the numerous Americans who have lived in Cagnes will love to read about Renoir in his little peasant house on that hilltop. A fascinating book indeed by this Ambroise Vollard who has now crowned his career as collector, dealer, publisher by becoming an author and not a bad one.

A Feudal Throwback

What a very different sort of collector the Lord of San Simeon, William Randolph Hearst, is! For he has not only collected pictures — he has collected everything in sight — power, newspapers, castles, canning factories, mines, hotels, cinemas, and broadcasting stations — in fact, he is like Coleridge's Kubla Khan and has decreed many "stately pleasure domes," and, if only he had a Marco Polo to write about him instead of the two somewhat stodgy gentlemen who have made themselves his biographers, we might have had a grand tale. However, their efforts, in their own way, are exciting; they arouse a curiosity that leads us from page to page. But they are a little bent on comparing Hearst's ranch, San Simeon, to a hotel, for it appears to be conducted according to the best feudal precedent. It is not only in hotels, Messrs. Carlson and Bates, that guests can have a menu and any drinks they care to order: a menu on the table is part of all well-conducted castle dining rooms all over Europe and in like establishments in this land of ours. Likewise one can ring for the butler to bring one any kind of drink that one's appetite suggests. It is the hotel keepers who have patterned themselves on the feudal lords, not the feudal lords who have patterned themselves on the hotel keepers. That such a picturesque personage as the hero of Hearst, Lord of San Simeon (by Oliver Carlson & Ernest Sutherland Bates; Viking, $3.00) with all the predatoriness of a bold robber baron can function in this republic at the present day is really a characteristic and diverting episode. His newspapers are read by that proletarian audience, in another nice paradox, that the communist papers want to have.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Contains an enormous amount of useful and valuable information."
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



1936 REVISED EDITION

A recent review of this book in the *New York Times Book Review* so well describes "The Outline of Governments" that we are making no comment ourselves—simply quoting from that review of April 5, 1936.

INDISPENSABLE is a fit adjective to apply to this book for readers who want to understand the governmental systems in the news and who want a background for the explanatory articles about them that march incessantly through the monthly magazines. Roger Shaw, who is foreign editor of The Review of Reviews, knows his subject and has the knack of writing interestingly even with mere bare facts as material. First comes an introductory section of almost forty pages which deals with world organizations—League of Nations, World Court, Third International, Pan American Union, British Commonwealth of Nations—the monarchs, remaining or recently deposed, of the world, the dictatorships that are disputing with democracy for future power, proportional representation, world languages, world religions and anti-religions.

Having thus provided an approach from which to deal with the individual governments, he takes them all up, seventy of them, seriatim, beginning with the United States and other governments of North and South America and then following, in order, with those of Europe, Asia, Africa and the Antipodes. He does not forget even such small governmental organizations as Iceland, Andorra, Iraq, Monaco and Bhutan, with its 17,000 square miles of Himalayan mountain peaks wedged in between Tibet and British India. About each one of all these governments Mr. Shaw tells in very brief space the most significant facts of its history and present situation, political, civic, economic, and ends with a short list of items including name of present ruler, area, population, capital and sometimes other matters. As a handy reference book, both factual and illuminating, for every nation, small or large, on the face of the earth, Mr. Shaw's volume will fill an aching vacancy."

If not available at your bookstore

SEND COUPON TODAY

Review of Reviews Corp. F6-36
233 Fourth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me "Outline of Governments" for which I enclose $1. If I am not satisfied I may return it at once and my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

Books

From a Poet's Notebook

AFTER READING *Hearst, Lord of San Simeon* and the tale of his control of the externalities of life, it is a fitting contrast to turn to a book by a poet. W. B. Yeats's DRAMATIS PERSONAE (Macmillan, $2.50) is all about art and about the ideas and personalities that have molded a living poet, who, in his world, is as much a master as Hearst in his. The hero of these reveries is not really the poet himself; it is John Synge, of whom Yeats writes: "He was the man that we needed, because he was the only man I have ever known incapable of a political thought, or of a humanitarian impulse. He could walk the roadside all day with some poor man without any desire to do him good, or for any reason except that he liked him." Or maybe for any reason at all except that he was interested in the shape of his head or the look of his eyes, for Synge was the real artist type. And here in these United States there is really a supply of men and women just like that, people who are interested in others for what they are or what they dream, without having the will or the means to make any change in their lives. Yeats fights for a disinterested expression of personality because he knows as an artist that all art is just about that. It is an interesting thing to read about Yeats's friendships and his jealousies. It is also very interesting for us who do not believe in class distinctions to see how thoroughly Yeats, a member of the middle class, misunderstands a feudal aristocrat like George Moore, who didn't happen to have the same sort of culture as Yeats and Arthur Symons. But, just the same, how grand it is in this day and age to get these dramatic memoirs of a man who has lived and struggled for ideas and who has been able to give himself his own sort of discipline, the discipline of an artist, although it is not the discipline of an aristocrat.

The Eternal Amateur

AND NOW we come to a man who was ignorant of practically all the disciplines but whose potentialities as a man were rich and strong. John Reed was the offspring of a family which got rich suddenly and poor suddenly; his grandfather had more than a touch of the Lord of San Simeon, and Jack himself had many of the characteristics that make a man a legendary personality — he had great courage, great generosity, a love of literature, a faith in revolutionary movements, a hatred of those who were squeezing the wage earners. But he had the aspects of a leader who dies in the "laughing splendor of his youth," a perpetual immaturity, a leaning toward amateurishness whether in art or life or even politics, a good deal of Greenwich Village conventional unconventionality. He died in Russia at thirty-

AN AMERICAN COLOSSUS
The Singular Career of ALEXANDER HAMILTON
$3.00 at all book stores
By Ralph Edward Bailey... "Timely"—*The Literary Digest.* "A truly great work"—*Collegiate Digest.*
LOTHROP LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON

Special Features

MATHILDE WEIL: LITERARY AGENT
Books, short stories, articles and verse criticised and marketed. Play, scenario and radio departments. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

ARE YOU FOREVER READING, never to be read? Taboo-ridden publishers may not accept; but why remain inarticulate? Contacts connects you with 1700 ardent letter writers. Unusual books loaned free. Send 3c stamp for particulars. Contacts, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

ANNOUNCEMENTS
This column is ideal for small announcements. Write for interesting rates to: Advertising Department, Forum Magazine, 570 Lexington Ave., New York City.

FORK UNION Highest rating. Small classes. Accredited. ROTC. Supervised study. Prepares for college or business. Highest standards. Junior school for small boys. Housemother. All athletics. Swimming. Catalog. Dr. J. J. Wicker. Military Academy, Box 4, Fork Union, Va.

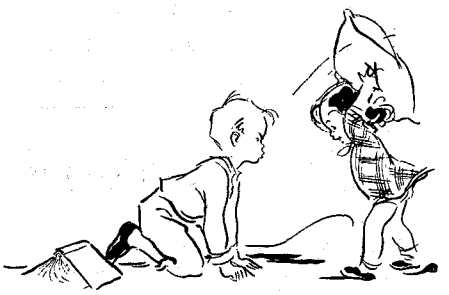
Before you leave on vacation—

please send us your summer address (and your present one, for reference) so that we can deliver your copies of THE FORUM without the delay incident to rehandling in the post office.

The FORUM *and Century*
570 Lexington Avenue
New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"HE NEEDS A *Spanking!*"



DOES HE? Was Solomon right when he said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child?" Is drastic punishment or a calm, dispassionate understanding the way to discipline your child?

You'll learn much about child discipline in "How Parents Are Handling Childhood and Teen Age Problems," a regular department of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE. And there are many other departments and feature articles in each issue that will help you in the proper rearing of your children from crib to college.

At little cost, THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE will help you solve all problems of child health, discipline, sex education, feeding, education, constructive play — every child problem that may come up. Over one-third of a million mothers find this magazine indispensable because it brings them the most authoritative findings of child psychologists, doctors and educators, as well as the experiences of other thoughtful parents. Get acquainted with this authoritative magazine. It's so easy and convenient to do it now. A special offer is available for a limited time . . . 8 big issues for only $1.00! Begin with the next issue regardless of the age of your children. But act promptly! Send in the coupon today, while you think of it. You'll find each number of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE is worth . . . to you as a thoughtful parent . . . the amazingly low subscription you pay for 8 months.

LIMITED OFFER

EIGHT BIG ISSUES ($2.00 VALUE)

Now Only $1

THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE P-6-36
11 East 40th St., New York
Enclosed is $1.00. Enter my subscription to THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE for 8 months, beginning with the current number.

Name.....

Street No.....

City and State .....

Books

two because he was an ardent adherent of the Revolution. His biographer, Granville Hicks, who does not seem ever to have known him personally, thinks Reed would have liked the impersonal and conventional speeches that the Russian leaders delivered at his burial. But John Reed would have loved the most Byronic funeral oration, delivered if possible in verse, for he was ardent, adventurous, justice-craving, and he would have thought it just that an ardent, eloquent, and generous speech be delivered over his coffin. He was a young man of great potentialities in search of a discipline that maybe his biographer understands but little of. But it is well that this biography should have been written less than twenty years after his death. (JOHN REED; Macmillan, $3.00).

A NEW NOVEL BY ARNOLD ZWEIG

JOHN REED was personally heroic, but Arnold Zweig in his books about the great war puts no emphasis on personal heroism; he takes that for granted. But he emphasizes movements toward justice and reason, movements which seem to be checked and stamped upon by men whose being is bound up with the idea of force. He writes like an investigator who is seeking for information about the spirit of man. His investigations in EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN (Viking, $2.50) take place in one of the War fronts, on the western front as his *Case of Sergeant Grischa* took place on the eastern. War for him is massed and industrialized murder, and the private individuals who engage in it are terribly concerned with the smells that come to them when they move over their terrain — "corpses buried too near the surface, stale excrement not properly dug in, gas-shells with which the soil had been riddled, incendiary shells, and piles of putrifying tinned foods." There are a few men, just men, who have ideals of reason and free discussion, and these carry on a private war with men who are committed to force. Arnold Zweig, now living in Jerusalem, is one of the few minds who, because of his analytical temper can be one of the real historians of our transitional civilization and who can enlighten us as to what kind of a manifestation the World War really was.

WHAT IS A SAGA?

BOOKS ARE full of misused words: the authors of *The Lord of San Simeon* use the word *aristocrat* in the most fantastic manner, especially when they apply it to a half-baked, half-civilized mind like that of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. But think of the way the word *saga* has been misused! A modern author who produces a long, four-volumed narrative about the doings of a single family is said to have written a saga. John Galsworthy, for example, wrote a "saga" about the Forsythes. But this is all wrong. A real saga is not lengthy; all the sagas together could be put between the covers of one of our long modern books. There are a few things that a saga has to be — it has to be heroic, it has to deal with simple people, its psychology has to be of the classic kind, large and sweeping, and probably it has to be about Icelanders. Kristmann Gudmundsson's MORNING OF LIFE (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) has all the qualities of a saga: it is laid in Iceland; its hero, Haldor Bessason, is as heroic as a character out of *Burnt Njal;* the people are simple, Northern; the action, tragic. The world he shows us is a youthful world in which all the happenings might have been in the tenth century. When Haldor, from the wrecked boat, climbs up the cliffs, maiming his feet, we have an episode out of a Viking tale; and when the boy, Ragnar, meets the girl, Gunna, bringing her sheep from the old farm at dawn, we have that early world that we expect to have evoked for us when we turn to the real sagas. A memorable heroic and idyllic book!

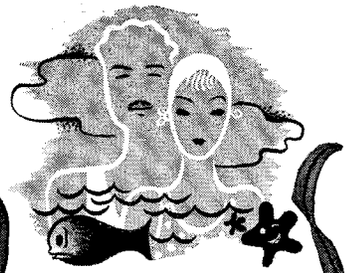
SEED OF THE *BOUNTY*

AND FOR THOSE who like the simple-minded and heroic, as well as for students of anthropology, we have THE HERITAGE OF THE BOUNTY (Simon & Schuster, $3.00), by Harry L. Shapiro. It contains a real commentary on human psychology, a real revelation of the human passion for law and order. The sole survivor of the mutineers who brought up the next generation became pious and law-abiding, and he did not want known the tale of the lawlessness of the sailors. The women who bore the children did not know enough English to hand down their side of the story to a generation which was exclusively English-speaking. The Pitcairn Islanders are Seventh-Day Adventists now. So as not to be under the temptation of eating pork, they have destroyed all their hogs. Dr. Shapiro's account is like *The Swiss Family Robinson* told by a trained investigator.

THE MYSTERIOUS CITY

A FAR LEAP from Pitcairn Island is Richard Le Gallienne's Paris. His FROM A PARIS GARRET (Washburn, $2.50) is the diary of a man who is in love with history, with the diverse aspects of a great city, especially of the historic city that is Paris. "Paris," as Charles V remarked, "is not merely a city; it is a world in itself." It is in fact a symbolic city, the creation of great writers and artists, of kings and emperors and architects. Richard Le Gallienne makes us realize that "all these roofs and buildings mean something; something happened wherever one's eye turns," whether to the hill of Sainte Genevieve where the Pantheon now stands,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A FEW

SALTY WORDS

TO STAY-AT-HOME HUSBANDS

A WIFE is only human, after all. She likes a change of scene as much as a new hat. MORE, when it means a sojourn at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. Cheerful rooms and cheerful service. Refreshing food. Modern health baths, concerts, and varied amusement. Smart shops. The beach is just outside, gay with surf and cabanas.

Now that housecleaning's past (and perhaps a wedding anniversary is at hand) why not take your wife to the shore? It costs surprisingly little at these gracious hotels.

Leeds and Lippincott Company

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Coming in July

THE BEST PLACE TO WORK

by

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Books

where Abelard and Thomas Aquinas and John Calvin taught, or the Place de la Concorde where the guillotine took off the heads of the king and queen and noblesse. "Good Americans when they die, go to Paris," Le Gallienne's friend, Oscar Wilde, said. This dweller in the Paris garret is not an American, but one feels that his happy afterworld will be Paris.

Here life to that great music goes
Of names and dreams that set men free,
The air is fragrant as a rose
With lovely immortality;
Mysteriously old is she,
Mysteriously young — the twain,
Present and Past, one deathless tree —
I am in Paris once again.

A STANDBY

ONE OF OUR modern interests is in mystery and detective stories, for we seldom get the plot story anywhere else. Robert Hichens is a veteran in this sort of writing; he has written more books than Henry James and he has written many of the plot stories that stay in our mind — *The Paradine Case* and *The Garden of Allah*, for examples. He must be an old man now, but what an accomplished writer Robert Hichens is, and how slick are his psychological investigations! He can keep your attention from the first to the last pages, and this in spite of some old-fashioned repetitions. In his latest book, THE PYRAMID (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), he has a cosmopolitan group in cosmopolitan centers, Cairo and Paris. This time his central character is a young American singer who wants to become an opera star but whose voice, because she has not lived passionately or painfully, has a choir-boy sound. How she gets the passion and the pain into her voice is the subject of the story, and the whole makes a very good novel, rather better than most of the books that are featured on the front pages of the book supplements of our newspapers.

Because you like to do your own thinking . . .

WE OFFER YOU THE NEXT 34 WEEKS OF THE NATION FOR ONLY $2

38% Reduction!

You'll enjoy THE NATION as a weekly supplement to your newspaper for it now places at your disposal: (1) *Brief summary of the news that really matters.* (2) *Authoritative opinion and interpretation from a progressive point of view.* (3) *Lively articles unveiling pointed facts.* (4) *Candid reviews of the new books, plays, recorded music and films.*

Since 1865 THE NATION'S courageous editorial policy has afforded a remarkably economical but safe insurance against intellectual dry rot. Not so long ago — as recently as 1929 — readers of THE NATION were overpainted "red" by the ballyhooers of bloat. But today a new respectability has come to THE NATION, not because its views have changed, but because millions now agree with those views.

As a matter of fact, to strengthen its influence in American life THE NATION recently increased the number of pages devoted to text, cartoons, and caricatures; improved its format; and appointed a distinguished board of Editorial Associates consisting of Heywood Broun, Oswald Garrison Villard, and Alvin Johnson.

By clearly and concisely presenting "the other side" of all important controversial questions on current affairs THE NATION completes the knowledge you require to form sound, impregnable opinions.

In 34 issues you will read 170 courageous articles, 374 scintillating editorial paragraphs, 136 full-length editorials on vital issues of the week, 204 candid reviews of the new books, films and plays.

"At $5 a year THE NATION is the best buy in America," writes a subscriber. "But at 34 weeks for $2 it's *SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE!*"

Pay later if you prefer, but for a better understanding of tomorrow — *order today* on the convenient order form below.

CONVENIENT ORDER FORM

THE NATION
20 Vesey Street, New York City

Send me the next 34 issues of THE NATION for only $2. ☐ I enclose payment in full OR ☐ I will pay in 30 days.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

F-6

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOST-TALKED-OF NOVEL OF THE YEAR!

by **CHARLES MORGAN**
Author of "THE FOUNTAIN"

Sparkenbroke

SURPASSING even the amazing record of THE FOUNTAIN, Mr. Morgan's new novel in less than one month has assumed the premier position in the literary world.

"A delicately beautiful, thoughtful book. A book over which to meditate for long delicious hours. A book which demands the best from *the reader.*"—*Los Angeles Times*

$2.75

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

Mexican Interlude

In engaging and humorous fashion, Mr. Jackson describes his recent motor trip through Mexico. Refreshing, informative, it is a leisurely day to day account of actual experiences.

In addition to its fascination as fireside reading, this book contains valuable data on the new Pan-American Highway. $2.50

●

A. P. HUDSON (ed.)

Humor of the Old Deep South

An anthology of regional humor, a revelation of aspects and episodes of a little-known phase of American life.

The author, a member of the University of North Carolina Faculty, spent thirty years in the regions covered here. $5.00

Mexican Martyrdom

WILFRID PARSONS

The real facts of the causes and the course of the controversy between Catholics and government in Mexico. $2.50

A Place in the Sun

GROVER CLARK

The place of colonies in national economy; here is an expert study of the entire question. $2.50

Noah Webster

Schoolmaster to America

HARRY R. WARFEL

A biography which shows Webster to have been one of the most important figures of his time. $3.50

John Reed

The Making of a Revolutionary

GRANVILLE HICKS

"Written with sympathy and understanding, will help people today to understand Reed's generation." —*N. Y. Times* $3.50

JUANITA HARRISON

My Great, Wide Beautiful World

The Odyssey of a modern *Miss* Marco Polo! The diary of the American negress who set out at the age of thirty-six to see the world.

In eight years she lived and worked in *twenty-two* countries! Here, in her own language, is the engaging story of her experiences. $2.50

●

H. G. WELLS

Man Who Could Work Miracles

A new "film treatment," the new literary form which made THINGS TO COME so fascinating.

A hilarious comedy but it carries also the deep undercurrent of Wellsian wisdom and philosophy. $1.35

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED